THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CIX.—No. 1420

MARCH 4, 1931

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EARLY SPRING MOTOR NUMBER

Beef in Brief—

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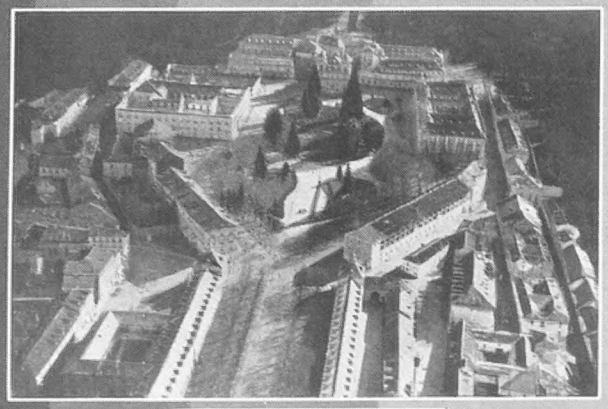
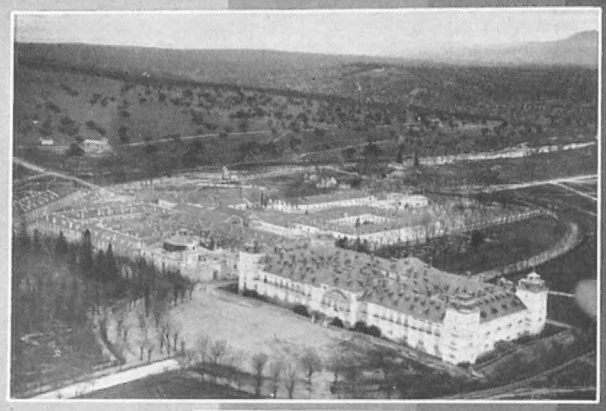
BEAUTIFUL SPAIN



La Granja. Royal Site of St. Ildefonso.

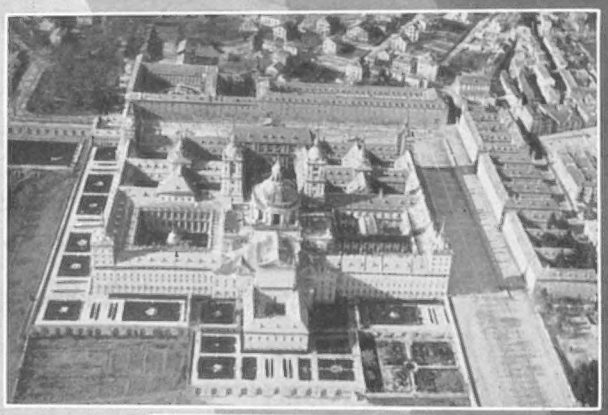


Royal Residence of El Pardo.

A fountain at the Royal Residence of La Granja.

Royal Residence at La Granja

Royal Site of Aranjuez.



Panoramic View of Escorial Monastery.

VISIT SPAIN WHERE SUN IS SHINING AND LIFE IS SMILING

The Country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at **PARIS,** 12, *Boulevard de la Madeleine;* **NEW YORK,** 695 *Fifth Avenue;* **ROME,** 9, *Via Condotti;* **MUNICH,** 6, *Residenzstrasse;* **BUENOS AIRES,** *Veinticinco de Mayo,* 158; **GIBRALTAR,** 63-67, *Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Sons and Wagons Lits Agencies, or any other Travel Agency.*

The Bystander, March 4, 1931

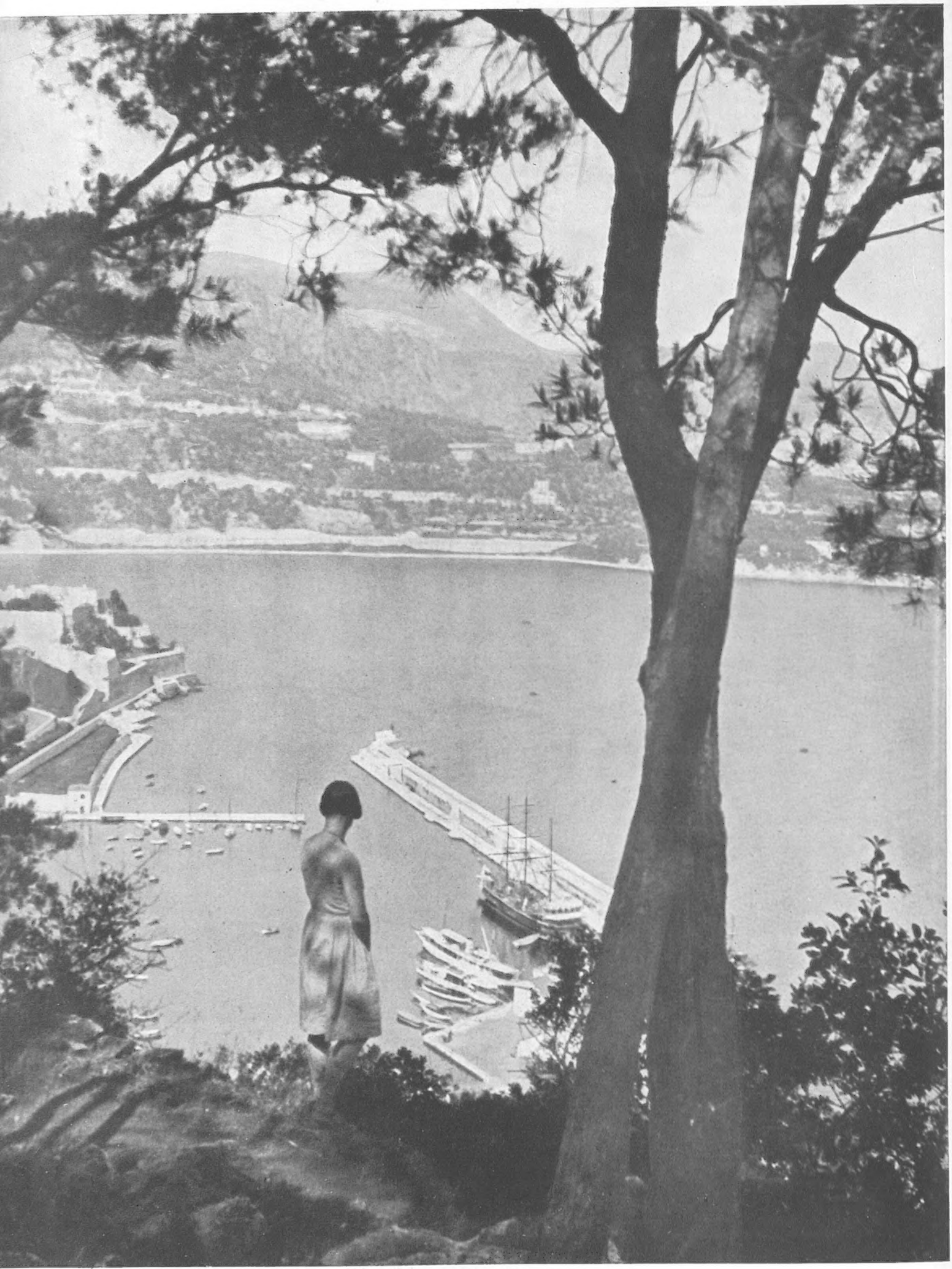
the BYSTANDER

No. 1420. Vol. CIX.

Pearl Freeman

MRS. CARL BENDIX

The beautiful wife of Mr. Carl Bendix, the famous financier, with her little son, Michael. She is one of London's most popular hostesses



IN CALM WATERS

A view of Villefranche, the French naval port on the Mediterranean, with the wooded foothills in the background

the passing hour

The King of Sweden and Miss Betty Nuthall, who played together and won the Mixed Doubles Handicap event at the Beaulieu Tournament, seen with Mrs. Boyd and Mr. H. M. Wagner, their semi-final opponents. The King has invited Miss Nuthall to visit Sweden and play lawn tennis there

Sport and General

FROM private messages received by relatives of the Prince of Wales's suite, it would appear that he and his brother are having a most high-spirited, carefree time. The first stage of the trip they considered rather dull, but since they first touched land they have had a very good time. Polo, golf, dancing, and an occasional gamble, have been the order of the day. It is too soon to know what particular form of chance it was whereby the Prince won 5,000 pesetas, or in English money £120, at Valparaiso, but it was probably at baccarat if it was not chemin de fer.

THE last section of the Prince's trip will be done in the Alcantara, which left London only last week. A friend of mine, a girl, decided only twenty-four hours before the ship sailed that she would go. As the Prince will be on the Alcantara for four days, I expect to have some interesting messages later on about it all. In the meanwhile, the Princes have wisely decided not to make up their minds as to the date of their return, although it will have to be some time before May 1. No doubt they will see a good deal of the interior of the Jockey Club at Buenos Aires, which is the most expensive and exclusive in South America, if not the world. Meantime, orders are pouring into English manufacturers as a direct result of their visit.

THE Editor of Debrett will have any number of alterations to make in next year's issue as a result of the recent flood of engagements and marriages which have been announced since the publication of the 1931 edition. Miss "Mogs" Grenfell has now become Lady Gage, after one of the most crowded weddings in social history. Miss Diane Grove has become Lady Bury. Miss Daphne Strutt will soon be Lady Acton. Lord Kinross will soon have a daughter-in-law in the person of Miss Marion Burrell. There will soon be a new Lady Durham, and Lord Ebury, who used to live at what is now Moor Park Golf Club, will soon be giving away his daughter, Elizabeth Grosvenor, who has now developed into a very pretty girl.

AN IMPORTANT SOCIETY ENGAGEMENT

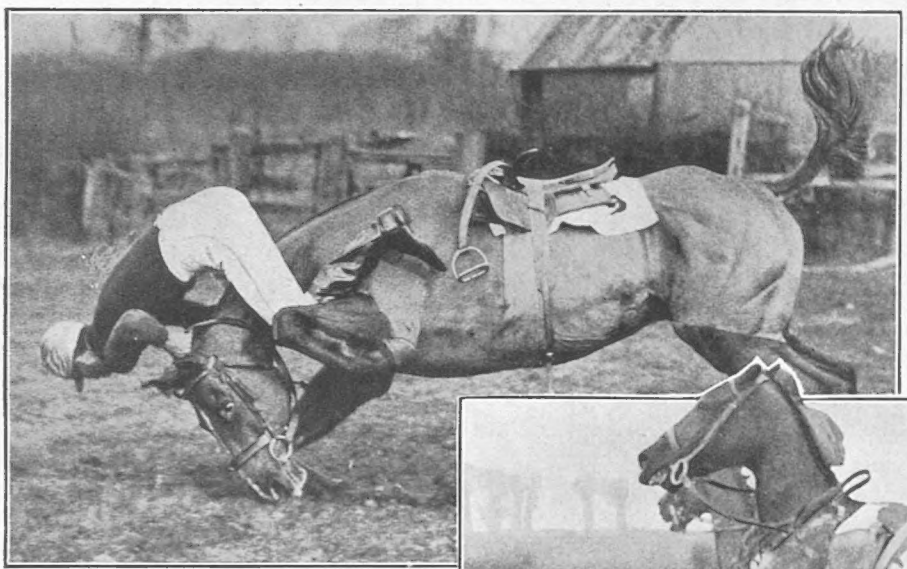
The Hon. Daphne Strutt, the only daughter of Lord Rayleigh and the late Lady Hilda Strutt, whose engagement has been announced to Lord Acton. The latter, who succeeded to the Barony in 1924, has seats at Aldenham Park and Morville Hall, Salop.

Mme. Yevonde

WITH THE CAMERA AT THE CAMBRIDGE

Central Press

A party at the Cambridge University Steeplechases at Cottenham unpacking the ubiquitous luncheon basket. Included in the group are Lady Karen Pretyman, Miss Rachel Wrey, Lord Somerton, the Earl of Normanton's son and heir, who, incidentally, rode two winners, and his sisters, Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas and Lady Rosemary Agar



Central News

A NASTY CROPPER

Angel II hardly lived up to its name when it threw its owner-rider, Mr. R. Clare, who is seen taking a header, during the running of the race for the Athenæum Challenge Cup at the Cambridge University Steeplechases

"THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN"!

Does anyone know it? Is there any truth in the lines:

"O woman, in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please"?

Anyway, next week E. Phillips Oppenheim, who knows *something* about women, starts a new series with a racy and provocative article entitled:

"WOMEN'S 'EQUALITY' WITH MEN"

Ethel Mannin will follow him with her views on Men and Women. E. Collinson Owen follows Miss Mannin; then there will be Philip Page, Daphne du Maurier and others.

SO ORDER EARLY, PLEASE!

show no signs of getting married. At one time it was thought that the Duke of Leeds might marry Miss Mary Landon Baker, "the shy bride." At one time it was known that a certain American hostess was very anxious to have Lord Clydesdale as her son-in-law. On various occasions Lord Charles Cavendish's name has been linked up with that of Miss Adele Astaire, to their mutual amusement. Rumour, however, is a lying jade and

Central News

Another spill during the Athenæum Challenge Cup race at Cottenham. Mr. G. Strakosch is seen landing heavily after parting company with his mount, Nugget

AMID all these wedding bells, however, Lord Rosse, Lord Charles Cavendish, Lord Clydesdale, the Duke of Leeds, and the Duke of Norfolk, wise people do not treat her seriously, but Lord Rosse and the Duke of Norfolk have never given cause for any matrimonial gossip.

UNIVERSITY STEEPLECHASES AT COTTENHAM

Central Press

Luncheon is served: Mr. R. D. A. Marriott (left), Miss N. W. Headley, Miss N. St. Johnston and her brother, Mr. T. E. St. Johnston, settling down to an al fresco meal at the Cottenham 'Chases

L.N.A.

A scene taken between races—and between cars—at Cottenham. Included in the cheery luncheon party seen above are the Hon. Claud Phillimore, the Hon. Mrs. Pearce-Serocold, Miss Davidson, Miss Pearce-Serocold, Mr. Rackes and Mrs. Fordham

LENT this year is being taken very quietly. In previous years the gaiety was undiminished. This time I think that many people like an excuse for not spending too much money, and this is readily supplied by Lent. The dance clubs and restaurants keep merrily on, however. There is a girl who is said to be a cousin of President Harding who plays eighteen different instruments at the Café Anglais. She is Miss Loma Worth, and is drawing a big crowd. The other day a cocktail party was given for her at the Not restaurant. Lady Seafield, Lord Donegall, Miss Baba Redhead, Mrs. Jessie Vandenberg, the Hon. Patrick Balfour, who is getting married on St. Patrick's Day, and Captain and Mrs. Cecil Pim were among the guests.

AT Ciro's they have got Ronnie Hart's band from Canada. In the long run, managements find that a first-class dance orchestra, the members of which are specialists and can give an improvised cabaret at midnight, are a far bigger draw even than such established single turns as Sophie Tucker. Though people do not dance as much as they did, they like at least to be encouraged to take the floor by a really coaxing orchestra. But I wonder whether we will ever get Paul Whiteman's band again? Personally, I doubt it. I do not think the Kit-Cat or any other London restaurant will ever be able to pay the prices that they used to give without hesitation to the leaders of big American orchestras.

QUAGLINO has a new idea to encourage business. He is going to give a series of "Galas

Sport and General

BEFORE—AND AFTER—THE RACE

Miss E. M. Mackinnon (Great Britain), the winner of the first European Ladies' Slalom Ski Race in the European Downhill Championships at Mürren. On the left she is seen before the race, and on the right she is finishing, covered in glory—and snow—at Lauterbrunnen at the end of the run

ACTIVITIES ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR

Keystone

Viscount Gage and the Hon. Imogen Grenfell, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Desborough, at Taplow Court, where the reception was held following their wedding at Taplow Parish Church. The little town was en fête for the occasion, and vast crowds lined the route from the church to Taplow Court

de bon Espoir." In these rather depressing days optimism is welcome, especially when backed up by such novelties as soup made from the tails of kangaroos, chicken boned and filled with oysters, iced truffles, and other dishes all washed down by pink champagne, or samples of the new hocks that Quaglino recently bought in Berlin, and are said to be delicious. Incidentally, I wonder how soon Sovrani is going to open his long-awaited new restaurant in Stratton Street, Piccadilly. The new Dorchester House Hotel is opening on April 19, and will be one of the events of the year, especially as Royalty has already indicated that it proposes to book suites there.

ALMOST every celebrity on the Riviera was present at the reception held at the Hôtel des Anglais at Cannes, under the patronage of the Grand Duchess Helene of Russia, Princess Nicolas of Greece, and the Duke of Connaught. There was the Aga Khan's pretty wife, the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell (Lord Beaverbrook's daughter), Lady Cholmondeley, whose husband always spends the winter golfing and playing tennis at Cannes; Lady Derby, whose husband will entertain again for the Grand National; Princess Karageorgevitch, who is Michael Arlen's aunt-in-law; the Ranee of Pudukota, who has now been a widow for three years; Lady Crosfield, Lady Aberconway, and Lady Wester Wemyss.

I WONDER if ice hockey will ever acquire the popularity in this country that it has in America? Over there it depends for its attraction on the professionals, as our "Soccer" does here, and it is the Canadian "pros" who command the biggest prices. Canadians formed the backbone of both the Oxford University and Hammersmith teams when they met at the Ice Drome, Hammersmith, last week.

BOTH sides were unbeaten until they met, a circumstance which seemed to denote a rather higher standard of play than that displayed in the match in question. But ice hockey is a young sport in this country, and in a couple of years or so English players should make their

Fox Photo

Mr. A. Paget Steavenson, Joint-Master of the Old Berkshire, presenting a silver salver to Freddie Fox, the champion jockey, on behalf of the members of the hunt. The presentation, which served as a recognition of his achievements in the racing saddle and which took place at the meet held at Antwick Manor, Letcombe Regis, was not marred by any undue solemnity, as the above photograph testifies

A WEDDING AND TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Express Photo

The Earl of Durham and Miss Hermione Bullough, whose wedding will take place quietly to-day, March 4, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The Earl, who was wounded early in the War whilst serving with the Northumberland Fusiliers, succeeded to the title in 1929

presence felt. In the match in question the skill and combination of Oxford University made this team easy winners by four goals to one.

S

BEAULIEU has been tremendously Royal recently, for the King of Sweden, partnered by Miss Betty Nuthall, was playing every day in the tennis tournament, and the Crown Prince of Sweden and the Duke of Connaught were there also. There has also been a regular crowd of smart people, Lady Chesham being one of the prettiest women to be seen.

S

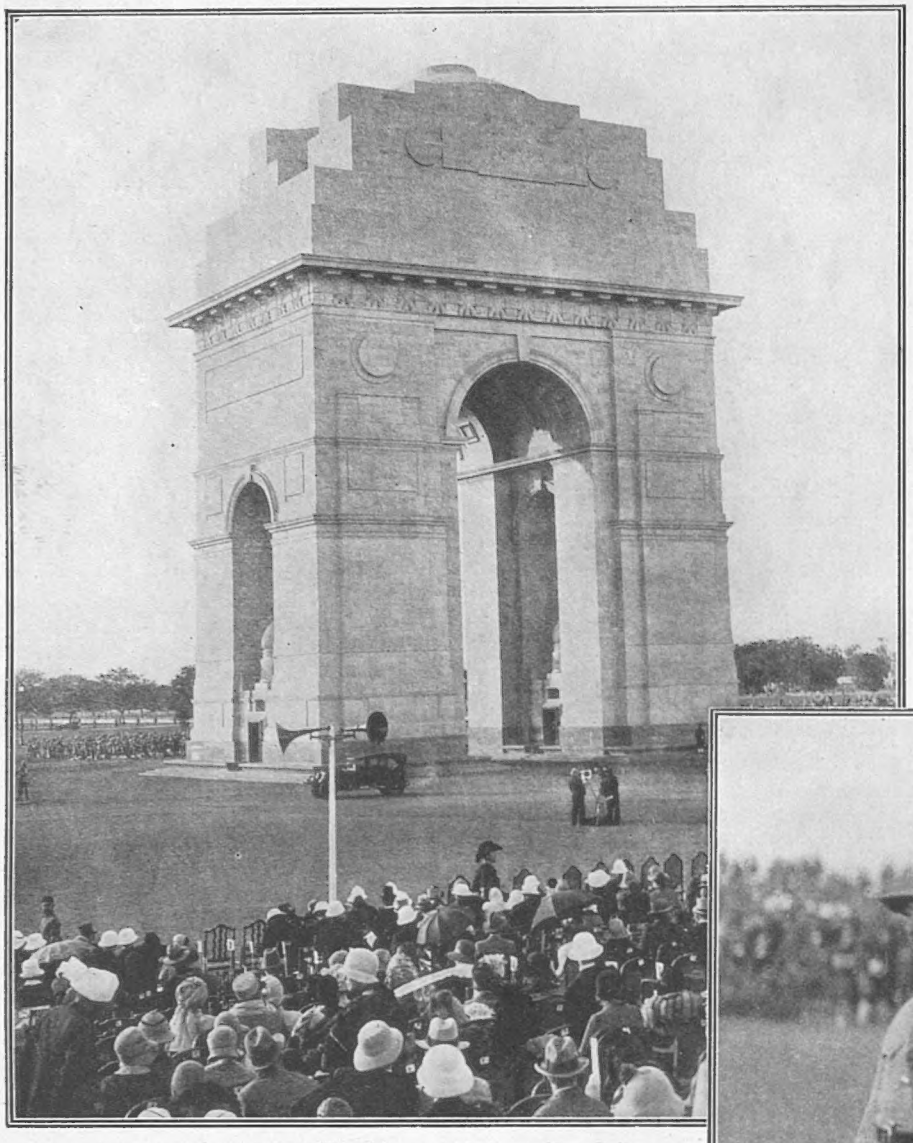
THE Duke of Connaught made another of his rare but extremely welcome appearances when he came down to the great "sports gala," which was held at the Bristol Hotel,

Miss Angela Brocklebank, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. John Vincent Wrigley, the son of Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Wrigley, of Belbury Hall, Craven Arms, Shropshire. She is the daughter of the late Sir Aubrey Brocklebank, Bart, and of the Hon. Lady Brocklebank, of Nunsmere, Sandiway, Cheshire

THE HON. ELIZABETH GROSVENOR *Lenare*

The only daughter of Lord and Lady Ebury, whose engagement has been announced to Lord Harcourt. Her fiancé in 1922 succeeded his father, formerly a well-known figure in the House of Commons

THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW DELHI



A view of the magnificent Indian War Memorial Arch at New Delhi during the Commemoration Service held on February 12. The Viceroy and Lady Irwin were the focus of all eyes, and everyone was present—except Gandhi

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

KNIGHT OF THE GALTEES promises to win a three miles 'chase. Was a good order at Newbury but blundered at the last fence.

LITTLE BLACKBIRD, fresh from Ireland with three successive victories to her credit, ran into third place over hurdles at Newbury. Increase your stake next time you wager on this smart hurdler.

IBSTOCK has been a consistent performer over fences and was confidently supported to win a two miles 'chase at Kempton. Follow up.

PETARD was the medium for strong "Blower" transactions at Leicester. Was backed down from 100 to 6 to 6½ to 1. Note that he was entered in five hurdle races on the same day, and the long-distance event (three miles) was chosen for him.

BUCKS YEOMAN was leading most of the way at Windsor and finished fourth. Was well backed and losses should be recovered.

BURGEE, considered a class horse among hurdlers, was fully expected to win at Newbury and was backed accordingly. Might have won under better conditions. On the top of the ground will trot in for a similar event.

Photographs *Topical*

Lord Irwin, the Viceroy of India, inspecting the Guard of Honour during the formal inauguration of New Delhi as the capital of India. The proceedings were conducted with splendour amid sedition elsewhere.

and the place was so packed with diners that there was no room to put one single more "couvert."

THE Hon. "Reggie" Fellowes was a most energetic dancer in a big party, which included Lady Chesham wearing a lovely white satin frock. Lady Ward, who had a most sumptuous white fox and ermine coat over a lovely pale blue frock, was with another big party, given by Lord Charles Hope, and Lord Roundhay was another dancing enthusiast. Lady Towle, Lady Portland, who pelted the dancers with cotton-wool balls most energetically, Lord and Lady Pollington, Miss Eileen Bennett, Miss Betty Nuthall, Sir Leonard Lyle and his pretty daughter, who danced together quite a lot, were only a very few of the huge crowd. Altogether, a great evening.

LORD BETHELL and Sir Francis Towle are two newcomers to Beaulieu, while Sir James Dunn, who has been in New York for a couple of weeks, has returned to his lovely villa at Cap Ferrat. Sir John and Lady Ward, whose villa "Rosemary," Cap Ferrat, is perhaps one of the most beautiful on the whole Riviera, are thankful to have their youngest son safely down with them at last after his recent operation for appendicitis.

By MEL

GOLFING FOLK MAKE MERRY

Our caricaturist's impression of a few of the members and guests who attended the tenth annual dinner of the Golf Stewards' Association of Great Britain and Ireland recently, at the Great Central Hotel. Three hundred people, including C. A. Whitcombe, the captain of the Ryder Cup team, were present, and the evening was a decided success in every way

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three—hello . . . hello . . . is that you, Baa? . . . What fun it is!! . . . "IT" is the early Spring, of course . . . responsible for all sorts of romances. . . . A very attractive "married" has eloped with her husband's stock-broker! . . . A young man well known in what the newspapers call artistic circles has disappeared, and his slightly elderly wife is still looking for him . . . and everyone . . . everywhere, is speculating if a very lovely debutante . . . who had a dance given for her a few weeks ago . . . will accept the ardent young politician who proposes daily. . . .

* * *

I MET Princess George Imeritinsky the other morning just off . . . of course . . . to skate. . . . She told me she had a lovely time at St. Moritz, having gone alone, which I consider terribly brave. . . . I, personally, hate arriving anywhere alone! . . . Avril was wearing a lovely dress of pillar-box red, which, contrary to the general idea, is most attractive with golden hair and a fair complexion. . . . She has a tiny flat at the top of her mother's house in Belgrave Square . . . the latter . . . Lady Mullens . . . is at the moment away on a long trip abroad, but is expected home with the warm weather. . . .

* * *

WHAT a busy family the Curzons . . . the Kedleston ones are. . . . Dick Scarsdale and his wife, Billie, have an antique shop in Mayfair, and now his sister, Mrs. Hugh Gillian, has just opened a restaurant in the King's Road, Chelsea. . . . She tells me she is going to give dogs' dinners in memory of her favourite dog who died. . . 2*d*. a bowl for small dogs . . . 3*d*. for big ones. . . . It is sad to see that Lord Scarsdale wants to let Kedleston; it is such a lovely place. . . .

* * *

I ADORE the State bedroom . . . with sky-blue brocade walls and a four-poster bed with gold palm-tree pillars, surmounted with ostrich feathers . . . and the original Adams furniture in the drawing-room, the gilt of which still looks almost too new. . . . Magnificent, wonderful rooms, and so many of them . . . and yet the late Marquis . . . the famous George Nathaniel . . . slept in a tiny, narrow, ground-floor bedroom, its only decoration being group photographs of himself as a young man . . an extraordinary idea for a man as fond of pomp as he—really almost Spartan in its conception, wasn't it? . . .

I SAW a most amusing short evening coat on Diana Carter-Campbell . . . she was a grand-daughter of Lady Lyle, you will remember . . . it was made of black patent-leather satin, with a deep-pleated flounce below the waist. . . . Diana wears her hair in a most unusual way . . . perfectly and absolutely straight . . . pushed back from her forehead to nape of neck, where it ends in a sausage curl. . . . She dances beautifully, and is often at the Embassy with Sir Roger Throgmorton. . . .

* * *

I MET that attractive person Phyllis de Jauzé, lunching at the Ritz last week with Lord Wimborne . . . they told me they had just returned from a week-end party at Ashby St. Legers . . . Lord Wimborne's lovely country seat. . . . Phyllis has perfect taste, and has furnished her charming London house with genuine antiques . . . all of which she has picked up herself at sales . . . small shops . . . and the Caledonian market . . . where bargains are still to be found by the persistent hunter—if they persist enough.

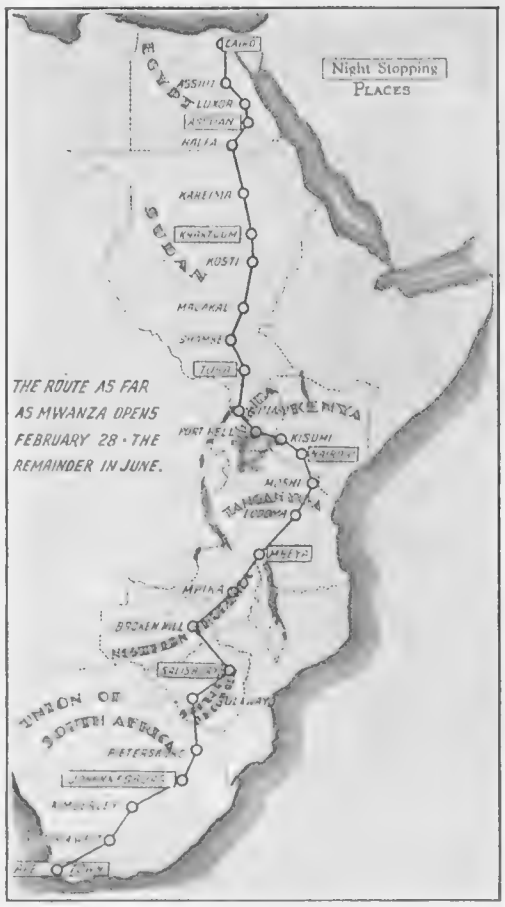
* * *

LOVELY Daphne Weymouth was in London for a night, too . . . she came up from Warminster to see the new show at the Shaftesbury for which her brother, Antony Vivian, was doing the publicity, when he could spare the time from his band at the Café Anglais. . . . Daphne was also finding a house . . . her husband has been so busy in his constituency that we have seen nothing of them lately, and it will be so nice to have them with us again. . . . Daphne is always charmingly different from anyone else, so now she is trying . . . not to get thin but to get *fat*. . . .

* * *

A FRIEND of mine just back from New York says she went to a large children's party last month . . . suddenly a newly arrived grown-up went into ecstasies over a small girl. . . . "What a lovely child," she exclaimed. "Too, too cute; whose is she? . . ." There was a tense silence . . . then the hostess said: "Yours, darling . . . surely you remember Fred ——, your second, or was it your third, husband!" Heavens, I must go. . . . I'm already due at K's to look at her Spring Collection. . . . God bless! . . .

"A WELL-GOWNED woman never loses a husband," says a dress expert. The reason is probably that the husband never has enough money left to buy a railway ticket.



"BYSTANDER" READERS IN AFRICA

WE are starting a new service for our readers, that is, an Air Parcel Bureau, so that residents in Egypt, the Sudan, Kenya, Tanganyika, down to Rhodesia and Cape Town, can shop through the Great Eight and obtain the very latest—anything they want—within a few days of their sending the order, at very convenient rates. Modern newspapers to-day have to offer their services, and we are offering ours.

By arrangement with Imperial Airways, Ltd., THE BYSTANDER, in conjunction with the rest of the Great Eight, has inaugurated a London-Cairo-Cape Air Route which enables parcels to be delivered from England to any places on the map seen above in a saving of time of from ten to twenty days.

SUPPOSE you want the latest new hat for the Governor's Garden Party? Or a new frock? Or a new dress suit? Or jewellery? Or shoes? Or even that small motor car spare part which has rendered your car out of action—write to us about it! THE BYSTANDER is prepared to execute, pack, and despatch by Imperial Airways with promptitude any orders from its Overseas readers for goods advertised in its pages. The same facilities are open to readers at home desirous of despatching parcels to their Overseas friends by this route.

There is only one small formality. Cash must accompany the order sufficient to pay for the cost (unless the purchaser has an account) and also Imperial Airways freight charges. The cost provisionally varies from about 2*s*. 6*d*. per lb. Cairo, 5*s*. Nairobi, and 7*s*. Cape Town.

However, full particulars may be obtained of this free service—for we charge nothing—on application to THE BYSTANDER, Air Parcel Bureau, Inveresk House.

AT THE PLAY

A CLEVER FRENCH COMEDY

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "ETIENNE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

Ferdinand Lebarmécide (David Horne) is perpetually unfaithful to his wife Simone (Mary Clare), and very, very harsh to his son Etienne. Inset shows Simone slightly distressed by her husband's many affairs

"Etienne," at the St. James's Theatre

THE French dramatist, Jacques Deval, has in *Etienne* written a delicately indelicate comedy, the spirit of which has been well preserved in the English version by Gilbert Wakefield. It is more than probable that in the mad old, bad old days some hack adapter would have got hold of this play and transferred the scene to England with supposedly English characters carrying on the action.

SUCH treatment would have been fatal, because the play is as Gallic as can be, and would be ruined by transplantation. As seen at the St. James's it is a most amusing picture of French life which, by reason of its setting, does not strain the probabilities.

ETIENNE is a French boy, an only son of a father with a penchant for petticoats other than those of his wife, and a mother devoted to him and well aware of his father's failings. These include an effort to add the attractive wife of an old friend to his long list of mistresses—an effort rendered abortive by his seventeen-year-old son, who does not resist the advances made to him by that lady.

YOU might have thought that Papa would have objected to this procedure, and, as a matter of fact, he does; but as the flighty parent has been relegated by his firm to a job which he cannot hold without his son's assistance, his hands are tied. For the job given to Papa is to write advertisements in light-hearted vein, and his style resembles that of Victor Hugo! And not even admirers of this immortal would deny that as a "copy" writer the worthy and wordy Victor would be absolutely rotten. For the sake, presumably, of morality, the lady in the case elopes with another lover at the finish of the play.

The stern parent threatens Etienne (Emlyn Williams) with a nice, new Schoolmaster (Henry Wenman). But——

—— Etienne (Emlyn Williams) learns of his stern parent's infidelities and vows vengeance and——

NOT every member of the cast suggested that "Boolong" had been visited for even a day, but David Horne as the flighty father gave, to my mind, his best performance to date; he was genuinely amusing throughout, and entirely in key with the play. Also there was a subtle piece of acting by Emlyn Williams as his son. This is a very difficult part, but no one would have guessed that it was, so natural and effective was he. Marcus Barron in a small part really was French; Mary Clare gave almost a tragic note to the character of the mother and the note struck by Henry Wenman as an unsuspicious husband was indubitably burlesque.

"Who Goes Next?" at the New Theatre

COLLABORATORS Reginald Simpson and James Wedgwood Drawbell are very daring dramatists, for the theme they chose in writing *Who Goes Next?* is the sad lot of prisoners of war, and it is obvious that what prisoners suffer from most is monotony. But to picture monotony on the stage and make it of interest to an audience is the very devil of a job.

THE only possible method, while preserving a faithful picture, is to show how deadly boredom reacts on character. This they have done with success, even though they have used the long arm of coincidence to help them in their task. Thus we see one of the captured longing to escape, being well aware that his wife is having an affair with a fellow officer, who himself later falls into the hands of the Germans, and by a miraculous chance is sent not only to the same prison, but to the very same room in the prison, where the injured husband is incarcerated.

AS, however, this coincidence adds interest to the third act and adds a punch to the long arm, the authors

—— also pays back to Auntie Valerie (Una O'Connor) part of the money obtained from her by false pretences. Etienne then——

[This thrilling picture story continued on next page]

[This thrilling picture story continued from page 387]

—— shams illness in order to get father out of the light to purchase an antidote in the form of milk and——

—— while papa is absent falls a victim to the allure of one of his parent's lady friends, Vassia Poustiano (Myno Burnet), and ——

— Etienne, thus having reached man's estate, now becomes the bully in his turn and stops father's nights out, but ——

—— Mother (Mary Clare), when she discovers Etienne following in father's footsteps, gives him the French equivalent to the K.O

may be forgiven this more easily than the act of heroism of the lover, which allows the husband to escape at the expense of the former's life. Somehow, I cannot see Captain Beck thus immolating himself. For this the authors, James Raglan, who plays the part, or I myself may be at fault. Those who do well in this all-male cast are Sebastian Shaw, Franklyn Bellamy, and Jack Lambert in a short play which is quite out of the ordinary.

"My Sister and I," at the Shaftesbury Theatre

IF only it had not been used previously by an author even more renowned than Messrs. Lauri Wylie, Brandon Fleming and H. W. Gribble, I feel that *She Stoops to Conquer* would have been a better title than *My Sister and I*, for the French comedy with music produced last week at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

FOR the very thin plot is just that and nothing more. A princess loves her librarian; he loves her but believes marriage would not be a success when high-born mates low-born. In order, therefore, to find happiness, the princess invents a sister who is supposedly an assistant in a shoe-shop and takes on this rôle herself. This being a comedy with music, the librarian is completely taken in, and marries the princess, and there you have the story.

WHEN almost half the evening is taken up with duologues between the princess and her lover, it is of vital necessity that these two parts should be played by an actress and actor of distinction. The pair engaged at the Shaftesbury Theatre not only have no distinction but are not even distinct, which is not surprising when one finds that the heroine is played by a Swede and the hero by a Czecho-Slovakian. Mr. Edward Laurillard—who is responsible for the production—alone knows why he found it necessary to search the Continent for two foreigners to play these parts, and why he picked on Alexa Engstroem and Francis Lederer in particular. Of the two, the latter is the better. In the kindness of my heart I will put it that way instead of saying the less bad.

I TREMBLE to think what would have been the reception given to this comedy with music—in which there is no chorus to help the principals "put over" their songs and duets—had not Joe Coyne been on hand to lighten up the second act as an impecunious shoe-seller. Helped greatly by George Grossmith, these two retrieved a situation which was becoming desperate. They worked with a will to save the play, and succeeded in doing so.

IN their hard task they were ably assisted by Marie Dayne, genuinely funny as a vulgar shop assistant with stage aspirations. She possesses striking individuality, a sense of humour, and a pair of nimble feet, and knows how to make use of them all. Ralph Benatzky's score struck me as melodious, with a tune which could be plugged—and was.

V. W.

GOOD TO SEE

OPERETTA. "Tantivy Towers" at the Lyric, Hammersmith
Satire in verse

MUSICAL SHOWS. "Ever Green" at the Adelphi
Spectacle and humour

"Folly to Be Wise" at the Piccadilly
Cicely Courtneidge reigns supreme

"Chelsea Follies" at the Victoria Palace
Unsophisticated fun

FARCE. "It's a Boy" at the Strand
Laughter throughout

COMEDY. "To See Ourselves" at the Ambassadors
Delightful humour

DRAMA. "The Barretts of Wimpole St." at the Queen's
A fine play with superfine acting

BY BEAUCHAMP

THE GREAT MAN: "*Do you think they will give him a place in the Cabinet?*"
THE OTHER: "*Oh, yes, he has schemes that will increase the annual national expenditure by £300,000,000!*"

If Gossip We

VERY tender and touching was that visit of Charlie Chaplin to Ramsay MacDonald at Chequers. And in the middle of that memorable afternoon together both of them went fast asleep. It was explained later—in fact, it is always being explained—that the Premier is a very tired man who suffers from insomnia. What better cure for insomnia, therefore, than Charlie Chaplin? Or can it be, if one may hazard a suggestion so irreverent, that the two were so utterly bored with each other that they could not keep awake? At the risk of being lynched by a formidable combination of Socialists and film-fans, I suggest that this explanation is at any rate feasible.

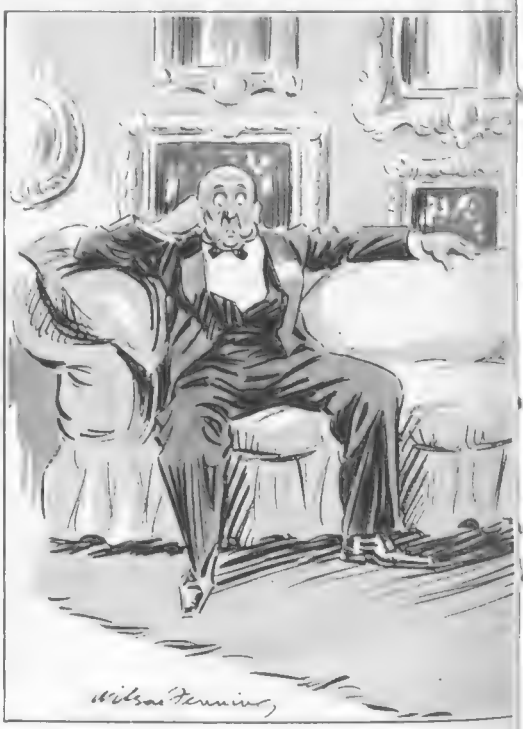
"Just We Three," the clever trio of young people whose songs at the piano have won them much popularity in cabaret in the West End. They are appearing in C. B. Cochran's 1931 Revue, which is now having a preliminary canter in Manchester before coming to the London Pavilion on March 18

Sasha

Jessie Matthews, the leading lady in "Ever Green." This C. B. Cochran production is living up to its name at the Adelphi Theatre, where it has now reached its hundredth night

BUT what will Mr. Chaplin do on his next visit to England? For he has been rather overdoing those "surprise" visits to places where he went to school—visits which were no surprise to the platoons of photographers who have always been present. Having lunch with Cabinet Ministers is now as ordinary as the Ministers themselves. Really, there is nothing left for him but to preach in St. Paul's and win the Grand National. Care, however, must be taken the next time not to come over in the same boat as a record-breaking motorist, though, as regards publicity, Malcolm Campbell hardly got a look in. But Malcolm Campbell was received by the King and is now Sir Malcolm; Charlie has had to be content with a Prime Minister and with remaining Mr. Chaplin.

DAME NELLIE MELBA'S death in Australia soon after Charlie had arrived in England reminded me that the famous singer and the famous film star had often met and had a great liking for each other. They first met at Los Angeles, and Charlie insisted on a short comic film being taken of them, Melba slapping his face and chasing him round the room, and so on. Dame Nellie was always in the highest spirits whenever I met her. She was not extraordinarily musical; indeed, I will go so far as to say that she did not care a vast amount about music at all, but had merely been



WIFE OF WAR PROFITEER (*hearing the bad news*): "What! well 'ave never 'ad a war!"

Must

Mr. Kaye Don with the captain of the "Andalusia Star," the liner on which he is bound for Buenos Aires, where he will make an attack on the world's motor boat speed record. Great things are expected of the boat, Lord Wakefield's "Miss England II"

Myno Burnett, who plays the part of a young married woman of Russian birth who has an eye for the men to a marked extent in "Etienne." This sophisticated and delightful comedy is running at the St. James's Theatre

By Wilson Flemming

Lost every penny of our money? Why we might just as given by Nature one of the loveliest voices ever known. When she died she had regained all of her popularity, but at one time the great singer was rather disliked, and all sorts of fantastic rumours sprang up—so much so, in fact, that at one time she published a list. Here it is:—

(1) That the reason I can sing is that I have no roof to my mouth.

(2) That I consume three raw eggs before each act of *La Bohême*.

(3) That I am a German Jewess whose father was born in Stuttgart.

ALL of these are, of course, absurd, the most absurd being the last; for Melba was fiercely British and fiercely Australian. I am sorry she did not live to see British singers at last being given a chance at Covent Garden. For although world-famous German and Italian singers will, as usual, be heard during the forthcoming season—which starts on April 27—British singers are to get a better look-in than they have ever had before, since many will sing leading rôles instead of being given subordinate ones. When one adds to this the fact that the orchestra, the chorus, the ballet, the stage-hands, and the general staff at Covent Garden are all British, those protests against "spending good English money to subsidise a gang of foreigners" looks rather foolish.

THAT income-tax authorities are actually urging the wretched taxpayer to clear off arrears by borrowing money is

Sir William Morris, the famous motor car manufacturer, who has left for Buenos Aires to follow up trade at the great exhibition which the Prince of Wales will open. Once we said "Trade follows the Flag," but now we say "Trade follows the Prince"

Marian Lewis

PAMELA CARME

A new photograph of the young actress who is appearing in the entertaining thriller, "Hawk Island," at the Comedy Theatre. In private life she is the Hon. Pamela Boscawen and is the sister of Viscount Falmouth

Mannell

ENID STAMP-TAYLOR

One of our most attractive musical comedy actresses. She is appearing in "Wonder Bar," which is now running with marked success at the Savoy Theatre

typical of the fantastic view that is taken nowadays of the whole scheme of taxation and of national expenditure. That borrowing is a normal financial expedient is now firmly fixed in the Inland Revenue mind, and it has been placed there by a succession of spendthrift Governments, of which the present is infinitely the worst.

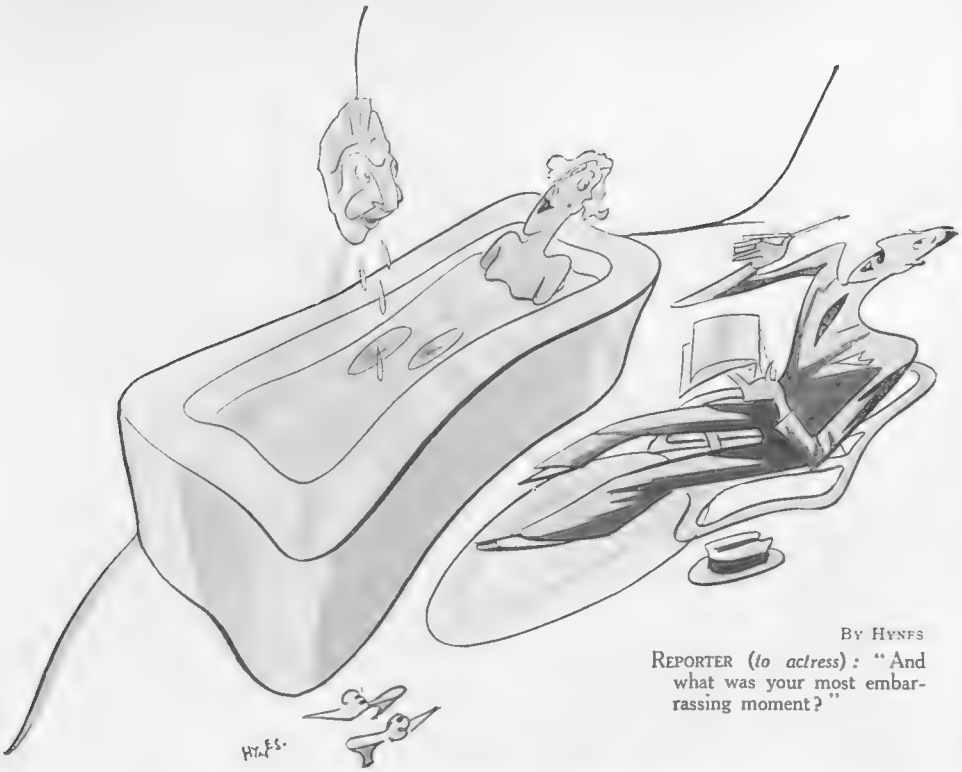
As long as we live in a hectic atmosphere of bribing the electorate, of mulcting the small tax-paying minority in order to buy the votes of the large non-tax-paying majority, so long will this madness continue. Only two things can stop it—a cessation of the present apathy, which brings with it the extraordinary fact that at by-elections of vital importance a large proportion of the electorate do not trouble to vote at all, or mutiny on the part of the payers of direct taxes.

Of the former I am not hopeful. Even if polls were to increase it is not to be expected that the additional voters would vote for economy. Why should they? They are, temporarily, reaping the benefit of the Government's lavishness (with other people's money), and they do not see that from this course disaster is sooner or later inevitable. "Sufficient for the day is the dole thereof" is their motto. A mutiny of income-tax payers is not so wild a scheme as it sounds. Provided organisation and combination were efficient, such a step would bring any Government to its senses in double-quick time, for the main sources of revenue would dry up, the Bank of England would become uneasy about the security for its loans, and there would be the deuce of a muddle. I would meet charges of "lack of patriotism" in this scheme by the answer that if ever there was a case of the end justifying the means, this is one. Doubtless the Cabinet and its silly pink Press would hold up their hands in unctuous horror. Yet they are the people who consider non-co-operation a fine thing when one happens to be dusky as well as disgruntled.

Mr. Jasper Maskelyne, the magician, who has recently returned from a trip to South Africa, with a python in the snake park at Port Elizabeth. It is not likely, however, that the creature will make its bow at St George's Hall in a new magic trick

Talking of India, the value of Mr. Winston Churchill's speech on that important topic can be judged by the imbecile abuse with which he has been assailed by the *Daily Herald*

Mary Hoare, one of the sixteen Balanchine dancing girls, who recently started a long engagement at the Coliseum, beside the sound-box of a gargantuan H.M.V. gramophone round which one of the dances has been evolved. The girls were selected and trained by M. George Balanchine, the Director of the Serge Diaghileff Russian Ballet



By Hynes

Reporter (*to actress*): "And what was your most embarrassing moment?"

A SULLY ON OUR ALLEY

(To the strains of "Sally in Our Alley")

Mr. J. B. Priestley, the author of "The Good Companions," has infuriated the famous American writer, Miss Fanny Hurst, by his criticisms of "God's Own Country." In a violent attack upon him she urges Americans to "Court-martial him with laughter."

Of all the authors I have known
But one's a hopeless gaby,
And that is he who bears the name
Of Mr. Priestley (J. B.)

No Good Companion should dare
To be so patronising,
For foreign authors as a whole
Are nuts on eulogising.

And when we let them visit us
Their job it is to flatter,
For if they speak their mind I get
As mad as any hatter.

Come, comrades, scorn this Britisher,
We'll censure him with laughter,
And let us sing this Hymn of Hate
So loud 'twill rock each rafter.

(Now, all together, girls—)

"Of all the men who are so rude
"There's none like J. B. Priestley.
"He's not the darling of my heart,
"In fact, he's simply beastly!" B. W.

as the result of it. He is accused of "thinking of Clive." He is "probably reading Kipling." And there is, of course, a sneering reference to Napoleon and Mussolini. I would suggest that Clive knew, and Kipling knows, a sight more about India than any member of the *Herald* staff, and that Napoleon and Mussolini, faults and all, are better models for those who have the true interests of the Empire at heart than Karl Marx, Ramsay Mac, Stalin, Lansbury, and even Lord Irwin.

Sir Charles Higham, the famous publicist, and Lady Higham. A son was born to them last month

CONGRATULATIONS to Sir Charles Higham on becoming a proud and, presumably, happy father. I found him at his usual table at the Savoy Grill the other day—solitary, but by no means remote or slow—receiving felicitations from various friends. I knew Charlie Higham, the only man who ever took the front page of the *Daily Mail* solely to boost himself, when his hair was black and he used to talk about St. Albans, where he was born. Now his hair is grey, and he is the very personification of American hustle. But, with all that live-wire-and-man-of-push-and-go stuff, he is quite a child at heart, and the sort of child most people like. For he has the kindest of natures, and will do anything for anybody.

MADELEINE CARROLL *Janet Jevons*

Who takes the part of "Phyl" in John van Druten's new play, "After All," at the Criterion Theatre. She is equally at home on the stage and on the screen, and has "starred" in several British talkies

"UNCONSCIOUS OF THEIR (COMING)

The Labour "Pilot," Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, indulging in a flight, but not of fancy on this occasion. He owes his position to-day to the patronage of "Ll. G."

Mr. George Lansbury, of "Lido" fame, noted for his attributes, when he is photographed for propa poses, like the above

(Above) "Uncle Arthur," otherwise Mr. Henderson, the Foreign Minister, whose undying affection for the Russian Soviet çang is presumably one of his virtues

Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley, M.P.s, and their two children. Sir Oswald, the Beau Brummell of the Extreme Left, has now formed his new Party of malcontents

Mr. Lloyd George, with Miss Megan Lloyd George, M.P., forgetful for the moment that, as Labour Dictator, all these Socialist Ministers hold their jobs at his sweet will

DOOM, THE LITTLE VICTIMS PLAY"

Serpentine "fatherly" usually ganda pur-

Here is Mr. Philip Snowden, the "Iron" Chancellor with feet of clay! He is, perhaps, the most unpopular Minister, even among his own party. Is he thinking how to raise the wind for his Budget?

(Inset) Mr. "Jim" Thomas, who hob-nobs with Lord Mayors and financial "Barons," and whose "boiled shirt," symbol of respectable "bourgeoisie," has long been an irritant to the Labour extremists

Miss Bondfield, Minister of Labour, who is also very unpopular with the Labourites, because she dared to suggest that girls on the dole should go into domestic service

Mr. J. R. Clynes, who fulfils the rôle of Home Secretary, usually occupied by distinguished lawyers. Though playing croquet, he has effectually forbidden sweepstakes

ANOTHER "STRANGE INTERLUDE"

[*Explanation: In Mr. Eugene O'Neill's play, "Strange Interlude," the characters express their thoughts aloud.*]

CHARACTERS:
JUDGE, himself.
*Judge, his thoughts.**
COUNSEL, himself.
*Counsel, his thoughts.**
WITNESS, herself.
*Witness, her thoughts.**
**Identified by italics.*

COUNSEL: And you were sitting on respondent's knee when his wife entered. Is that so? *I'll guarantee it's not the first pair of knees she's sat on.*

WITNESS: Yes, I felt faint, and, falling back suddenly against him, he sat down and I collapsed on his knees. *They'll never believe that story.*

JUDGE: Do you always faint that way? *Strange, her eyes remind me of a girl I once knew.*

WITNESS: I had had nothing to eat all day, and it was a very hot room. *And he was no Greenland's icy mountain either.*

COUNSEL: I suggest that you did not faint, that you were sitting on respondent's knees because he was making love to you. *I could swear I've seen her before. There's a lovely, warm, familiar look about her eyes. It must be somebody else I've once met.*

WITNESS: He was doing nothing of the sort. He was merely attempting to lift me off his knees when his wife entered. *That's true, anyway.*

COUNSEL: It is said that respondent's head was reclining on your—er chest. I suppose you will say that he was ascertaining the condition of your heart. *I'm gradually remembering who it was. She had a mole just above her left knee. Or was it her right?*

WITNESS: I don't remember. *It was all over the place.*

JUDGE: As you seem to remember so little perhaps you will kindly tell the court what you do know of this afternoon on which the alleged incident took place. *I remember now, it was an afternoon by the seaside. We met on the pier. Cromer, that was the place. Now, just what was her name?*

WITNESS I came to the house first in reply to an advertisement for a companion.

JUDGE. Companion! Companion to whom?

WITNESS: To the wife, m'lord.

JUDGE: Then why were you interviewed by the husband?

WITNESS: His wife was out. He asked me to return in three days. I did so and his wife was again out. *We thought so.* While we were waiting for her to come in I fainted. *Oh, help! I'm going to forget something in a minute and tell the truth.*

COUNSEL: *Little liar!* I put it to you that after seeing respondent on the first occasion he asked you to dine with him, and you went. *Gladys, that was the name. We got off on the pier. Same coloured hair, too, like sand in the sun.*

BY A. R. CANE

"Poor old Bill's bin copped bag-snatching, just 'as 'e was working up a nice little connection, too!"

We used to walk for miles on the sands. Where the devil was it?

WITNESS: *Oh, heavens! they know about the dinner, too.* There's not a word of truth in it.

JUDGE: Are you on sufficiently intimate terms with the truth to be sure of that? *Gladys! Jove! That was her name. And she had a mole on her right, no it wasn't, it was her left knee. Heavens, that must be twenty years ago. I remember walking on the sands in the moonlight with her.*

WITNESS: *Nasty old beast.* I hope so, m'lord.

COUNSEL: Have you ever worked as a companion before? *And she has the same beautiful neck. Cromer! That was the place. I remember, I was on circuit. A week-end. It must be twenty years ago, at least.*

WITNESS: Often. *And how!*

COUNSEL: *And a nice cosy companion, too.* Will you tell us the names of your employers?

WITNESS: Oh, they were usually friends of friends.

JUDGE: Gentlemen friends?

WITNESS: No, m'lord, invalids.

COUNSEL: I submit that you are nothing better than a common home-breaker, a husband-snatcher, a pilferer of domestic felicity, a veritable vulture upon married bliss. *Of course, it all comes back now. I remember I sent her a cheque for a fiver. Quixotic fool. Bet she was lying.*

WITNESS: It's not true. M'lord, will you please stop him saying these dreadful things to me?

JUDGE: Learned counsel is entitled to his submission. *Just like Gladys' voice. I can see the tears in her eyes to this day. But I ought never to have sent her that five pound note. Obviously, a lie. I could do with it now for those new steel-shafted clubs.*

WITNESS (crying softly): You wouldn't believe me if I told you the truth.

COUNSEL: Oh, yes, we should. Come, now, and tell us exactly what did happen. *I'm sick of this. It's nearly four o'clock. I wish the old man would adjourn.*

WITNESS: My mother was ill, I came to London to find work to keep her. *If they'll swallow that they'll swallow anything.*

JUDGE: Where was your mother at this time?

WITNESS: Cromer. *That's true enough, anyway.*

JUDGE AND COUNSEL (simultaneously): Cromer? *My God! It can't be, it can't be!*

WITNESS: Yes, m'lord. The second time I went for the job the gentleman said—he said, well, it was what he said that really made me faint. *They seem to be believing me.*

JUDGE: And quite natural, I am sure. *Somehow I must get a question in about her father.* Any proper young girl would have done the same.

COUNSEL: *I've got to get her to speak of her father.* You say your mother is in Cromer, when did you last see your father?

WITNESS: In a photograph. I have never seen him in life. Mother says ——

JUDGE (very sternly): All this seems to me entirely irrelevant.

COUNSEL: Quite, m'lord, quite. *Thank heaven for that.*

JUDGE: The court is adjourned. *Phew! I want a stiff brandy.*

RICHARD VINER.

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Some of the picturesque types seen by the Prince of Wales and Prince George during their South American tour. In the background are seen Bolivian types, including the quaintly garbed devil-dancers of La Paz. The figures in the foreground are those of natives of Peru, the front one being that of a native of Cuzco, the once great stronghold of the Aztecs, the ruins of which were explored by the Prince of Wales and his brother

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Manufacturers to
H.M. the King.
DUNLOP REINFORCED
FORT
MADE IN ENGLAND
IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

THE SHADOW

A Marian Lewis camera-picture of undoubted charm

BRITAIN'S SPEED RECORDS BY SEA AND LAND—CAR

Mr. Kaye Don, the racing motorist, and his two engineers, who have left for South America. He will attempt to win the world's motor-boat record for England with Lord Wakefield's motor-boat, "Miss England II."

"Blue Bird" making its record-breaking run at Daytona. The official speed-record of 245.736 m.p.h. was 14 miles an hour faster than the record set up by the late Sir Henry Segrave

Left: The late Sir Henry Segrave at the wheel of the motor-boat in which he met his death on Lake Windermere in an attempt on the world's record

Mr. J. S. Wright, the champion motor-cyclist, who regained the World's Motor-Cycling record for Britain last year. On the Cork-Carrig road in Ireland, his official time for the test was 150.736 m.p.h.

Captain Sir Malcolm Campbell, whose successful attack Speed record earned him a knighthood on his

CAR, MOTOR-CYCLE, MOTOR-BOAT, AND OUTBOARD.

One of the Rolls-Royce Supermarines with which we retained the Schneider Trophy in 1929. Thanks to the public-spirited action of Lady Houston in financing this country's team, we have a chance of winning the Trophy outright

Right: Squadron-Leader A. H. Orlebar, who will captain Great Britain's Schneider Trophy team this year. He has had great experience of high-speed flying

l attack on the World's Land
n his return to this country

Mr. Charles Harrison in the outboard motor-boat with which he established a world's record on the Medina River at Cowes. His average speed was 52.09 m.p.h.

"BACCHANTE"

An artistic camera-study by Marian Lewis

I value my throat . . . that's why I smoke Craven 'A'

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Wonderful Value - 20 for 1/-

CRAVEN 'A'

Made by Carreras Ltd 143 Years' Reputation for Quality.

BY KIPPA

HEIRS AND GRACES

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Genuine Article

By PETER FLEMING

Illustrated by VAN ABBEY

THERE were eleven of us. We stood meekly in a long, low shed next to the hangar, watching our suit-cases being weighed by two small men in straw hats, who obviously had some talent, and possibly even professional experience, as clowns, but who, at this early hour, could only bring themselves to display it in a perfunctory way. Everyone had the air of just realising that there would have been time to shave, after all. A little brown sentry sat on the doorstep, cleaning his toe-nails with his bayonet. In the armies of Central America only the officers wear boots.

There was one other Englishman besides myself among the passengers. I noticed him at once. I think he meant me to. It struck me immediately that there was something curious about him, but it was some time before I realised what it was. He was tall, bronzed, and handsome, with blue eyes and broad, confident shoulders. He smoked a pipe. His battered suit-case was plastered—but not ostentatiously—with a galaxy of the most exotic labels. One lean cheek was furrowed by an intriguing scar. He was a striking figure.

But striking in a highly conventional way. At first, as I say, I could not account for my impression that he was, somehow, an oddity. Then, when they took his suit-case to weigh it, I saw his name on the label: J. K. Carruthers. . . It seemed too good to be true. That this man, who looked, down to the last hair of his virile moustache, exactly as if he had stepped out of the pages of popular fiction, should bear a name common to one in every three of its heroes. . . . At last I knew why he had struck me as curious. He *was* too good to be true. He was too realistic to be real.

As I watched him I saw that it was partly his own doing. All the time he was exploiting the accident of his appearance. Superbly cast by Providence, he gave an unimpeachable performance in the rôle. He acted incessantly: and how well!

The crow's-feet crinkled tolerantly round his eyes as he watched the demonstrative honeymoon couple whispering and holding hands. I felt sure he thought of them as "those kids." When the bald politician from Guatemala had to jettison one of his suit-cases—there was a particularly heavy Christmas mail going north to Mexico, and we were only allowed the minimum weight of luggage—with what a whimsical look of mock-despair he caught my eye as the air crackled with indignation and lament. "This Latin temperament!" You could see he understood it.

PRESENTLY they wheeled the aeroplane out of its hangar. It looked aspiring, but unreliable. The sleepy mechanics lolling against its wings left a broad, irregular track in the dew, like a slug.

Carruthers came up to me

"Pretty mixed bag, this trip," he said, nodding towards the other passengers. He had just the right deep, rather throaty voice, and his manner was that of the Englishman who does not mean to be consciously superior

I agreed. What had he been doing in these parts? I wondered.

Carruthers said he had been just knocking about, you know, and smiled in a deprecatory but significant way, to make sure I realised it was an under-statement, if not an evasion. "I've been up in the mountains a good bit," he added.

"Oh!"

"With the Indians. Amazing people those Mayan Indians." A profound look came into those magnificent eyes; they had probed (you were to suppose) the darkest secrets of an ancient civilisation in decay.

And where was he going?

Carruthers wasn't sure. Mexico City, anyhow; and then, perhaps, Yucatan. "I don't seem to be able to sleep under a roof for long," he explained. "Kind of stifles me." He laughed apologetically. He *knew* he was a silly ass not to be able to sleep under a roof for long; but still, there it was. . . .

The three great motors began to roar, and we separated. As we queued up to board the 'plane I heard him telling the little doctor's wife from Louisiana that he had been up in the mountains a good bit. "Amazing people, those Mayan Indians," he yelled into her fascinated ear.

AS we deafeningly skirted the opulent dark-green shoulders of the Guatemalan volcanoes, I thought a good deal about Carruthers. Was he a man or a performance? He seemed so simple, so convincing. If I had never read a magazine I should not have doubted him for a moment. Unhesitatingly my imagination would have filled in the blanks in those beautifully calculated under-statements. But were they beautifully calculated? Was it fair to reject as spurious and histrionic a large, laconic man simply because he approximated so nearly to the strong, silent heroes of fiction? They must have had their originals, these hatchet-faced demi-gods; something like them must once have existed. And merely because Carruthers *was* so excessively like them I had branded him as a brilliant imitation—too good to be true. . . . Was it fair? I was forced to admit it was not. Perhaps he was the genuine article. At any rate, he ought to have the benefit of the doubt.

AN hour later we swooped down on the landing-field at the Mexican border. "Field" was a courtesy title. This was a dun rectangle of baked earth, and looked unnatural, as if it had been superimposed on the dark tapestry of tree-tops, instead of being cut out of their heart. The wooden Aduanas sheds, where our luggage had to be examined, stood at one end. A flag—red, white and green—flapped listlessly above them. As the 'plane bounced, bumped, and then ran up to them smoothly enough I thought it rather odd that no one came out to meet us. When our engines stopped the silence was very noticeable. One of the two pilots was running at a shambling trot towards the buildings. No one seemed to be doing anything about getting our luggage out. What was it in the air that smelt of accident, almost of disaster. . . .?

(All rights strictly reserved)

Ten minutes later I knew. The four men—two soldiers and two officials—in charge of that post had been poisoned. One soldier was dead, both officials delirious. The other soldier, a very sick man, suspected Indian bandits. Their water-supply had been poisoned, he told us, in the intervals of piteous vomiting.

We—the eleven passengers—stood round a long table in the Customs shed. The two pilots, looking more hard-bitten than ever, conferred together by the door. Outside, beyond them, the edges of the clearing seemed ever so slightly to have converged; the trees towered up like a wall, enigmatic, vigilant, menacing. Carruthers filled his pipe with some deliberation.

The senior pilot sent his companion back to the aeroplane. Then he came forward to the head of the table.

"Listen, folks," he said; "it's like this. One of us—one of you—has got to stay here for a while." Somebody drew in their breath very audibly. The little doctor's wife sat down violently on a bench. Carruthers held a match to the bowl of his pipe; his hand was, for all to see, as steady as a rock, but I noticed that the pipe was lit already.

"It's like this," the pilot repeated. "We've got two sick men on our hands, and we're carrying full weight as it is. A bit over, maybe." (He glanced nervously at the honeymoon couple, who had cajoled him into taking an extra suit-case.) "If we turn out a few of the grips one of you can lie in the hold, on top of the other junk. That gives us one seat free. Then I guess someone'll have to lie on the floor. That gives us two seats free. But even that way we've got a load that cuts the margin of safety down to nil; I wouldn't dare take another 100 kilos. if we did have room for them. And there's got to be another vacant seat. . . . So—well, someone's got to hang around here till we send a 'plane back. Ten hours that'll be; or say eleven."

There was a pause. Emotions flared and crossed each other and died, like shooting stars.

"'King of 'Eart,' said the young husband, in a thin voice like a child's He threw down his card and put both arms round his wife"

The pilot went on: "'Course, Jim and me would stay if we could. But we can't. You understand that?" No one answered. Carruthers nodded sapiently. "Personally" (that word, as usual, sounded the death-knell of sincere conviction), "personally, I don't see much danger in it myself. These Indians are a lousy lot of quitters." (Involuntarily he glanced through the open door. So, involuntarily, did we.) "I reckon they won't have hung round the vicinity any longer than they had to after they saw us land. And if it's robbery they're out for, they ought to know there's not much worth taking on this joint."

The second pilot reappeared. He had a greasy pack of cards in his hand.

"Jim and me thought," the other explained apologetically, "that the fairest way all round would be to cut for who stays. Anyone object?"

No one objected. Jim began to shuffle the cards, and we watched him. In most eyes there was a queer, greedy look. But not in Carruthers'. He looked almost smug; none of this "All against all" business for a Pukha Sahib, his face seemed to say. . . . Or was I wronging him? To tell you the truth, I didn't much care. I was frightened.

The senior pilot dealt.

"Ace high. High stays," he grunted. "And the ladies aren't in on this."

You could hear a rat scrabbling under the tin roof as the pasteboards flipped with their casual, familiar patter on the rough wooden table. The squinting coffee planter from Costa Rica, on the dealer's left, looked at his and was visibly relieved. The dapper little Jew from God knows where looked at his and let his face show nothing. The doctor from Louisiana seemed dubious, but smiled reassuringly at his wife. The two sinister Mexicans were respectively inscrutable and overjoyed. The bald politician from Guatemala would not pick up his card; he crossed himself over and over again, and appeared to be hypnotised by the well-developed but baleful lady whose bust was depicted on its back.

Then it was my turn. A card slid guilelessly down the table. I moved my tongue tentatively round a mouth which tasted unfamiliar, and picked it up. Six of hearts. Thank God!

There remained the honeymoon couple on my right and Carruthers, next to the dealer.

The young Spanish-American had his right arm round the girl. He picked up his card with his left hand and showed it to her. Carruthers could see it, too. He bit his lip. The girl made a little hoarse noise in her throat and began to cry, more or less silently. The husband's lips moved. I

expect he was praying. . . . A card went to Carruthers. He looked at it, but without curiosity; then squared his shoulders and (catching my eye) smiled an abstracted, enigmatic smile. . . .

We threw down our cards in the order in which we had received them. A three . . . an eight . . another eight . . . one of the Mexicans had the Knave of Clubs. . . .

"King of 'Eart," said the young husband in a thin voice like a child's. He threw down his card and put both arms round his wife. He dabbed pathetically at her streaming eyes with a tag end of a cheap fur she had round her neck; it tickled her, and she sneezed. It was the most heart-rending thing I have seen.

Then I noticed Carruthers. He was still smiling that quiet, abstracted smile. Our eyes met, and his eyelid flickered in what I can only describe as an other-worldly wink. He turned and faced down the table.

"Ace of Spades," he announced in a clear, pleasant voice. But I noticed he did not throw his card down.

Most people gasped. The honeymoon couple stared at him wildly, between joy and incredulity. The senior pilot looked him levelly in the eyes, and then said slowly: "Say, that's too bad, Mr. Carruthers;" there was much besides sympathy in his voice. Only the Jew's face held more of scorn than of pity.

THE engines roared into life and a great catherine-wheel of dust flew up in that bleached place. The sick men were on board. In case the Indians were watching the clearing, we said good-bye to Carruthers in the shed; it was better that they should not know what, if any, garrison we left behind us.

There really was rather a moving scene. Only the honeymoon couple believed that it was by the luck of the draw he was there. The doctor's wife, so deeply were her emotions stirred, went so far as to advocate a fresh deal. "Now, Mr. Carruthers," she cried, "you mustn't think we don't all appreciate how wonderfully quixotic and chivalrous you're being——"

"Oh, rot!" murmured Carruthers, all boyish confusion. "It's just luck. I never had any at cards."

"Don't tell me he really dealt you an ace," said the doctor's wife firmly.

"Never mind what he dealt me." The evasion made singularly little attempt to evade, and she ignored it.

"The chances are one of those foreigners would get the high card on a re-deal. I surely do——"

Her husband interrupted her. Perhaps he had a less vital faith in the race prejudice with which she credited the God of Chance.

"I certainly am proud to have met a man of your calibre, Mr. Carruthers," he said; and they shook hands.

I waited till the others had gone. I felt bad about the whole thing. It was unpardonable of me to have thought of Carruthers as I had. He had, actually, done the Big Thing; and I disparaged him for behaving like the sort of man who would. I felt a worm.

Was there anything I could do for him? Any messages, in case——?

Carruthers looked wistfully out into the sunlight. He shook his head. "No; there's no one much who—cares about me." (Once more, in spite of myself, I had the odd, discreditable impression that we were both on the stage. Did people really talk like that?) "Besides," Carruthers smiled bravely, "I shall pull through all right. Don't you worry."

"You oughtn't to have done it," I said impulsively.

"Done what?" His eyes were mischievous, yet sad.

"Said you had an ace when you hadn't."

"No," said Carruthers, "you're wrong there. I only did what anyone else would have done—any other White Man."

I was as conscious of those capitals as I should have been of a hiccough.

"Good-bye," I mumbled.

"Good-bye, old man," said Carruthers, "and good luck." (I ought to have said that. Oh, God!) He started loading the extra revolver we had left him. I went out into the blinding sunlight; it seemed tawdry and irrelevant, like scenery for the next act standing in the wings.

AT Vera Cruz they produced a big passenger 'plane and filled it with little Mexican soldiers. I got a seat by saying I was Carruthers' brother-in-law. The ties of family command much respect in Latin America.

The swift dusk was almost on us as we came down on that rectangular clearing, grey now under the shadow of hills and trees. As I got out I saw that the door of the Aduanas was open. No one came out to meet us. . . . The teniente handed me a revolver, and we went forward in extended formation, cautiously.

The Indians had gone. Carruthers was dead, with two bullets in his body. They had cut off his head with a machete and taken it with them. The soldiers said that was unusual. They had also, to judge by the blood on the floor, taken away dead or wounded of their own. (And the next morning a not very ardent punitive expedition found one of these stiffening under a pile of stones in a barranca near their trail.)

The teniente, who had large, unmartial eyes like a deer, invited me to share the little room behind the Customs shed

(Concluded on page 418).

FILM NOTES

JUST A "VAMP" SQUIB

By Lionel Collier

HOLLYWOOD "vamps" we have had with us for many years, but they are of the gold-digging variety, languishing, seductive, and rather attractive in their generally artificial pose of wickedness personified. But now we have a "vamp" of the blood-sucking type, which we may distinguish from the slightly less innocuous variety by omitting to abbreviate the word—in fact, a vampire.

BRAM STOKER in his book "Dracula" made your blood run cold with his

From Puritan to Bookie! Leslie Henson as Amos Purdie with his clerk, Bates (Gordon Harker), in an exciting scene from "The Sport of Kings," directed by Victor Saville for Ideal Films

turisation of this, one of the best of all thrillers, but unfortunately Hollywood has been too much for Bram Stoker.

AFTER her recent appearance in musical comedy, Muriel Angelus, the young London screen star, is back in talkies. She will be seen in British International's latest bilingual picture, "The Bridegroom's Widow," in which she plays the rôle of a cabaret danseuse. She first appeared on the screen in "The Ringer." Her talkie debut was in "Eve's Fall."

Muriel Angelus, a young British film star, is now working at Elstree in a new film entitled "The Bridegroom's Widow," directed by Richard Eichberg, a B.I.P. production

sense of the eerie, but the screen interpretation of his master vampire is much more inclined to make one laugh—and when laughter fails the picture just becomes tiresome. Festooned with Hollywood cobwebs and bristling with all the triteness of an American mystery play, the author's masterpiece becomes commonplace, and the only way it makes your flesh creep is in that you feel you would like to creep out of the theatre. Bela Lugosi plays Dracula, complete with green limes but incomplete in most other things. David Manners is the ineffectual hero, and Helen Chandler, rather American for an English doctor's daughter, is quite good as Dracula's intended victim. The best performance comes from Edward van Sloan, the German doctor who knows all about vampires and wards them off with wolfbane and a crucifix. I must say I had looked forward to the pic-

Bela Lugosi, as "Dracula," carries off his victim, played by Helen Chandler. The cobwebs so luxuriant in growth are pure Hollywood

Arthur Wontner and Minnie Rayner in a film made by the Twickenham Film Studios, entitled "The Sleeping Cardinal," which is adapted from two Conan Doyle stories

Jane Welsh, the attractive young British actress, plays the part of the heroine in the same picture of which other "shots" are seen above

"Well — my dear Watson . . . . . " Arthur Wontner in a typical Sherlock Holmes pose in "The Sleeping Cardinal," now at the Leicester Square Theatre

I HAVE not, at the time of writing, seen Charlie Chaplin's new film, "City Lights," at the Dominion Theatre, but it is not so much the picture as the fulsome publicity that has engulfed Chaplin since his arrival here that needs particular mention. Few people will deny that Chaplin is a genius in his own line, but a genius is not necessarily a god, and the popular Press seem intent on making a temporary deity of a quietly unassuming man. Tom Mix rode up to the Mansion House on a white horse and was received by the Lord Mayor of London. The Talmadge Sisters were introduced to Royalty, and put over a stunt of selecting a star which was entirely abortive. Maurice Chevalier has been thrown into semi-oblivion by the hysterical reception accorded him. Perhaps more than any of these Chaplin is able to stand against the puerilities that are being attributed to him, but in the long run that unbalanced sense of values will do him more harm than good. In fact, Chaplin's genius is becoming of secondary importance to these statements, amongst a host of others, that he was a poor boy who made good, and has had the honour of staying with the Prime Minister.

SAM HAY'S "Sport of Kings," out of the Ideal Film Co., by Victor Saville, is a likely looker. It should run well, but it has the very serious defect of being slow in its paces at times. British-bred, however, it shows its form in a particularly British type of humour. In parentheses, I'm rather afraid that these racing metaphors are going to get slightly mixed. After all, horses have no sense of humour, at least none that I have backed seemed to have—they always incline towards the morbid. The cast includes Leslie Henson as a hypocritical Puritan who takes to backing, and finally becomes a welsher. He does not appear to be suited to the course. He runs well, but finds the going too hard for him at times, since his métier is musical comedy rather than farce. Hugh Wakefield is more at home as a happy-go-lucky sportsman, while Gordon Harker drops into his stride once he is given his head—rather late in the film—as a somewhat shady butler. Others who run well are Dorothy Boyd and Mary Jerrold, who is excellent as the aforesaid Puritan's stable companion. The pace might be quicker, but the going is generally good, and while not an odds-on favourite I fancy "The Sport of Kings" as entertainment for a place. By the way, there is an excellently good-humoured skit on a well-known turf accountant who pays out if his client says he has made a mistake in the name of the horse in a wire. No prizes are offered as to his identity.

L. C.

JEANNE STUART

A beautiful young newcomer to the West End stage, who has made a personal success as Greta in John van Druten's play, "After All," at the Criterion Theatre. Miss Stuart, who previously played a small part in "The Song of the Drum," was first "discovered" by Auriol Lee, who gave her an important part in "Nine Till Six" in New York, and was responsible for the production of "After All"

PARIS GOSSIP

"Pari-mutuel bureaux established all over Paris"

SPAIN, STATUARY AND THE STAGE

By Sylvia Lyon

"Comte de Castellane, the President of the Conseil Municipal, received several cartloads of oranges for distribution to the poor"

PARIS of late has had three diversions—art, jazz, and the events in Spain.

The Bourdelle Show at the Orangerie des Tuileries was inaugurated under a fall of snow, which made it rather uncomfortable to see some of the great statues placed on the terraces overlooking the Place de la Concorde. These monster pieces remind one of the aphorism about getting away from the forest in order to see the trees. Within it was almost as difficult to see the vast projects for various public monuments, not only because of their size, but also because of the immense crowd on varnishing day.

FINDING it physically impossible to enter without having any bones broken, there was but one thing to do—enter backwards among the fewer people emerging—a difficult feat, but expedient. Once inside, I saw in relative comfort Bourdelle's exquisite Virgin and Child—far more beautiful than the enlarged version cast in gold bronze that was standing out in the cold. Here, too, was his thrilling Herakles, loaned by the Luxembourg. The original cast belongs to Prince Eugene of Sweden, and there is a replica in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. This, I think, was Bourdelle's masterpiece—all the style of the old Greeks in the head, and in the body all the energy the Greeks must have had, but which their own sculptors froze into placidity. Bourdelle, who died last year, was a pupil of Rodin, but was the greater artist, because there was never the idea of literature in the background of his work. Bourdelle was a twentieth-century pagan; Rodin was Tolstoy in bronze.

THE appearance of Sophie Tucker at the Empire music-hall in the Avenue de Wagram created great curiosity among the French, who have certain definite opinions on Sophie's type, and wanted to see her as well as hear for themselves. There was accordingly heavy booking in advance, for all the young people in Paris seem to live in the Etoile quarter, and hundreds were willing to stand in the promenoir. It is a long shout since the days when, as a mere cheeild, I used to hear Sophie Tucker sing in San Francisco at an amusement park called "The Chutes," when jazz was called "rag-time." As a matter of fact, her début was not very successful, for she was hissed and hooted, and the floral offerings presented by indiscreet friends did nothing to assuage French wrath.

PARISIANS of even the not-so-old school remember the Restaurant de l'Avenue opposite the Gare de Montparnasse, where the more prosperous students of the quarter used to dine in awe for the special purpose of gazing at Rodin, Anatole France, and Forain. The place has recently been redecorated, but it isn't only new decoration; it's revolution. It now looks like a church under the Soviet régime. At either side of the immense room are tall, opaque windows and rose-windows turned pale. Before one is what resembles a modern altar, and there on a long, wide platform is a huge balalaika orchestra. In the nave, so to speak, are ranged rows of tables, where drinks or sandwiches and coffee are served. On either side are platforms, and set in painted niches, rather like tiny chapels, are the tables where one dines very well, facing the

Vevonae

Sophie Tucker, whose début at the Empire music-hall in Paris might be described as a "riot"

orchestra, who sing not only songs of new Russia, but Soviet hymns. Perhaps Europe will be like this within twenty years. The music is stirring, the setting remarkable, and withal I had a little shudder

ALL Paris with all its colonies, including the Catalan, expressed admiration for the Queen of Spain's brave attitude the day she passed through Paris on her way to Madrid. Santiago Alba, the exiled Liberal leader, was at the station to see her off, and one sympathetic French observer remarked that Alba, who smiled agreeably enough at Her Majesty, resembled "un monsieur qui vient de casser un objet d'art dans un salon."

Santiago Alba has been living at Claridge's for a long time, and last August, while preparing his return to Spain, he wrote his political doctrines for *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires while giving dinners at Biarritz for the Spanish aristocracy. He practises international law in Paris.

WHEN Comte Jean de Castellane, the President of the Conseil Municipal, visited Madrid not long ago on an official mission, the Mayor of Madrid, as a mark of appreciation, sent several cartloads of oranges to Paris, to be distributed among the poor. I hear that the Comte de Castellane and his wife, who was born Dorothy de Talleyrand-Perigord, was first married to the Prince von Furstenberg, then, after his death, to her cousin, Castellane, are shortly to pay an official call upon the Lord Mayor of London. I wonder if the Lord Mayor will follow the example of the alcalde of Madrid? But what will he send to the poor of Paris? Not English marmalade, for that would involve oranges. I would suggest a few thousand small packets of English tea, for, unless one has tea at a friend's house, most of the tea to be found in Paris is not very good.

WHAT has been known privately for weeks has now been made public—that Alice Cocea, the Roumanian actress, who is the star of *La Petite Catherine*, is going to divorce Comte Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld. They separated a few weeks ago, Stanislas going home to his parents, the Duc and Duchesse de Bisaccia, who had not spoken to him since his marriage five years ago. He then went to St. Moritz, and returned a few days ago, and on the evening he was dining at the Italian Ambassador's, his wife at the Theatre Antoine was admitting the impending divorce to reporters. He was always interested in the stage, going so far as to appear, when a mere boy, in a revue at the Concert Mayol, and the bewildered footman who used to open the door of his father's house was sworn never to tell that his young master had lately been taken to painting his face green. This, however, was one of the exigencies of his minor rôle at the theatre. He is very interested in politics, and formerly contributed political articles to *La Liberté*, and now to *l'Ordre*, a paper of which he was one of the founders. He signs these polemics S. de la Rochefoucauld, to the horror of his cousin, Sosthènes, who fears that people might suspect him of the authorship. Stanislas is an only son, but has two sisters, Elizabeth, who married the Comte du Luart de Montsaulnin, and Carmen, who is the wife of the Comte de Mailly-Nesle.

Mr. Aubrey Hammond, the well-known theatrical designer, is producing for the "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition, opening at Olympia on April 17, a series of "Famous Rooms from Fiction." The illustration seen above is of the studio in the Latin Quarter in Paris where much of the action of Du Maurier's "Trilby" took place

ANYBODY desiring to contribute to a wedding present for the Comte de Paris may send cheques to the committee headed by the Duchesse de Luynes; it is quite seriously announced that the names of contributors will be inscribed in a "livre d'or," but the amounts withheld—a delicate touch, what? . . . The Government budget is being discussed day and night, and it is now no novelty to see deputies sound asleep on their benches at seven o'clock in the morning. . . . By the time this appears in print, pari-mutuel bureaux will be established all over Paris. The betting hours are from eight until twelve o'clock, and racing enthusiasts are warned to present the exact amount of their bets, ten francs upwards, as no change will be given.

Central Press

The main street in old Hyères, where the perfume comes from. Chauffeurs, guides and others, who take visitors to Grasse, are given presents of soaps and perfume by the municipality

HITS AT THE HIPPODROME

John MacMahon, as the Judge, "and a good judge, too," in "Stand Up and Sing," at the London Hippodrome, which opens to-morrow, Thursday, March 5

(Above) Jack Buchanan, taking the principal part in this new musical comedy, which has been written by himself in collaboration with Douglas Furber

Anne Neagle, the clever young film actress, who plays the heroine in "Stand Up and Sing," the music for which was composed by Philip Charig and Vivian Ellis. This production has had a long and successful "try-out" in the Provinces previous to the London première

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

ROYAL TITTLE-TATTLE

By "Junius"

UPTON SINCLAIR

Whose latest novel, "Roman Holiday," recently appeared. It is published by Werner Laurie at 7s. 6d.

I THINK you will agree with me that when you take up a book of memoirs by a royal personage you expect what the daily papers call "inside information." Otherwise, what is the reason for such memoirs? Everybody now is reading and discussing the vivid and poignant pictures of post-War and pre-War Russia in *Things I Remember*, by the Grand Duchess Marie, which appeared recently. *The Memoirs of the Crown Princess Cecilie*, by the ex-German Crown Princess (Gollancz: 15s.), following so closely, must suffer by comparison, but without that comparison I do not see what particular interest they can rouse.

THEY tell us nothing beyond the writer's Royal and Imperial ancestry; her education; the ceremonies attending her marriage to the ex-Kaiser's eldest son. There is no picture of pre-War Germany except that seen through the eyes of a charming, amiable woman shut within the circle of the Court. Nothing, except the existence of any princess at any pre-War mid-European Court. Only at the end does the Crown Princess Cecilie touch upon the War. And that is in vindication of the ex-Kaiser. "Anyone," she says, "who saw, as I saw, how painful it was for him to give the order for mobilisation would be unable to understand to his dying day how War propaganda could have succeeded in presenting my father-in-law to the world as responsible for the War! Never has a greater and more shameful lie been spread through the world."

One must respect such filial loyalty to the head of her husband's house, but history has already decided otherwise. Even the last pages about the War do not raise these memoirs from the realm of Imperial small beer and Royal small potatoes.

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR might have added, "There's nothing new under the sun," as a sub-title to his *Roman Holiday* (Werner Laurie: 7s. 6d.). It is an amazingly clever book, biting like a corrosive acid, but absolutely true. A young American is badly hurt in a motor race. When he recovers consciousness he thinks he is a Roman patrician. He hovers between the two Republics—physically in America; mentally in Ancient Rome. There is nothing to choose between them. Strikes, labour troubles, agricultural difficulties, bad times in speculation, easy divorce, even prohibition and boot-leggers—all these he finds in the Roman Republic.

THE CROWN PRINCESS CECILIE

Whose book of memoirs, published by Gollancz at 15s., is reviewed on this page

Since human nature never changes in the passage of the ages perhaps Mr. Sinclair is right, and the America of to-day, lacking certain essentials of outward public pomp, may be a replica of Republican Rome. He tells us that both had the same troubles. And he has the support of history—"nothing new under the sun."

DO you remember *The Lovely Ship* and *The Voyage Home*, Storm Jameson's story of the life of an indomitable woman, Mary Hervey, who built up a big ship-building business in the North? Those two books dealt with the 'sixties and 'eighties of the last century. *A Richer Dust* (Heinemann: 8s. 6d.) tells the end of Mary Hervey's life and completes the trilogy. Sometimes you feel it is too drawn out, too detailed, but the book is so human and real that you forget its length. Miss Jameson's presentation of her central figure, Mary Hervey, throughout these three books is a superb piece of characterisation. Not always admirable or attractive, but always human and real.

IT is a long time since I read so strange, so unexpected a story, as that set forth in *From Drury Lane to Mecca*, told by Eric Rosenthal (Sampson Low: 12s. 6d.). The hero is Mr. Hedley Churchward, at one time a scene-painter under Sir Augustus Harris at Drury Lane, and later a convert to Islam. From London he went to the Cape by way of Morocco and Egypt, always led by the lure of the East. And from the Cape he made the pilgrimage to Mecca, the life's desire of all good Moslems.

It was a strange world for an Englishman, with its meticulous religious observances. Some of these were most uncomfortable. Nothing living may be killed in the Holy of Holies, in which stands the tomb of Mahomet. Even fleas, and their blood-sucking collaterals, the Norfolk Howards, must be endured, or gently removed. Not a fly may be squashed.

Mr. Churchward died two years ago in Johannesburg, known to his fellow-believers as Haji Mahmoud Mobarek. You should read this amazing story of how an Englishman gained the coveted title of Haji—the sign of having made pilgrimage to Mecca. Mr. Rosenthal tells the story really well, and sustains the interest throughout.

REALLY humorous books are few in these days. Sometimes I have an uncomfortable suspicion that Sex is dominating Humour, and the British, not being French, as you know will not permit any humour about sex except in the smoking-room. So one welcomes *Amazing Spectacles*, by Noel Godber (Long: 7s. 6d.), as a sort of rocket of humour in a tightly-ringed world of books concerning what he and she did or did not do, and the psychology of it all. A most diverting book. You chuckle and smile over nearly every page, and from time to time lean back and yell with laughter. If that doesn't prove the book is humorous I don't know what would. I mustn't give Mr. Godber's ingenious idea away, but when I tell

(Continued on page 418)

Gallant Ships!

—those Bulwarks of Old England—

Many a Lavender-perfumed 'kerchief fluttered as they passed in review, and pretty cheeks flushed with pride. Then, as now, Fashion's choice was the lovable fragrance of the Yardley Lavender: the changing modes see its vogue ever increasing. Ever more indispensable for those informal occasions when heavy exotic perfumes are out of tune.

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FLYING NOTES

TRADE FOLLOWS THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY CAPT. C. E. WARD

The Fokker monoplane, with Bristol Jupiter engine, which will be used by Capt. C. D. Barnard for passenger-carrying this summer. It holds the world's record to India and back and to Cape Town and back

Sport and General

Capt. C. D. Barnard and his wife photographed at Croydon after his record flight to Malta and back in a Puss Moth

British Aircraft in South America

BY the time this issue reaches Buenos Aires the British Empire Exhibition will be in full swing, and not the least interesting exhibits will be those sent out by British aircraft manufacturers. De Havillands, the Bristol Company, Armstrong Siddeley Motors, Westland's, Rolls-Royce, Vickers, C. C. Wakefield and Co., and Chance Brothers, the lighthouse engineers, are the principal firms which have been enterprising enough to show their goods. The Prince of Wales has given British aviation a good advertisement by sending his Puss Moth, in charge of Flight-Lieutenant Fielden, to the Argentine, so that he and Prince George can travel in comfort over long distances. It is somewhat of a revelation to note the extent of regular air lines in South America at the present time, the Princes having already travelled several thousands of miles in this manner. Incidentally, one correspondent of a London paper announced that the Chilian Government had placed at the disposal of the Princes two Ford motor cars and one Sikorsky aeroplane, whereas it should have read, of course, two Ford aeroplanes and one Sikorsky amphibian. No British machines are at present in regular use on South American air routes, because the latter are operated almost exclusively by companies with headquarters in the United States. Although we built most of the railways and tramways in this vast southern continent, our efforts as pioneers of air routes have rather misfired. The Exhibition should help to fill many blank pages in our order books, aided as it is by the practical example of the Prince of Wales.

Air Parcel Service to Africa

THE "Great Eight" scheme for expediting the delivery of parcels to all countries served by the African Air Route is of particular interest to BYSTANDER readers by virtue of the fact that regular news has been published concerning work on the route during the past few years, and its everyday possibilities are therefore well known. People at home will be able to send copies of the paper to their friends and relatives, thus bringing news, gossip, and the pictorial record of events much nearer to those who live thousands of miles away. Living as we do in the "Air Age," distance is now calculated not in miles but in hours or days. Kenya, with its lions and elephants, its snow-capped summit, its prosperous farms and wide-open spaces is but seven days from London. The Air Parcel Service should be in full working order by the end of this month, when news about its facilities will have been circulated to all the countries concerned. All orders both from home and abroad must be sent to our offices at Inveresk House Full details of the scheme are to be found on another page.

A Tour of Great Britain

AT the beginning of April Captain Charles Barnard will commence a tour of the country, visiting about 150 towns, using the Fokker monoplane with a Bristol Jupiter engine, which holds the world's record for the return flight to India in seven and a half days, and to the Cape in twenty and a half days. It will be remembered that Captain Barnard made these flights with the Duchess of Bedford as passenger, and as records they seem likely to stand for several years to come. The object of the tour is, of course, that of interesting the general public in aviation by carrying passengers, and, in addition, demonstrations of aerobatics will be given by Captain Crossley and Captain Ayre on a Spartan three-seater, and by Mr. John Tranum in his well-known parachute act, using the Irvin type as standardised by the R.A.F.

Helping on the Good Work

CAPTAIN BARNARD hopes to carry on the good work amongst local authorities initiated by Sir Alan Cobham and known as the "National Aerodrome Movement." A portion of the receipts at each town will be devoted towards the expense of teaching one boy to fly at the County Light 'Plane Club. If we get anything like decent weather this summer the tour should be a great success.

Women as Air Pioneers

I CANNOT attempt to do justice to the account of her world flight given by the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce at the many functions recently held in her honour. As the story of an adventurous journey it has few equals in modern times, and I can only express the hope that she will write a book. Her forced landings in Persia and Indo-China, the crossing of the Yellow Sea, receptions in Japan, and her flight across the United States in the little Gipsy Bluebird are some of the incidents worthy of a permanent record. Miss Winifred Spooner has been appointed chief pilot to Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P., who owns two Moths and is the moving spirit in Leicestershire as regards aviation. Another flight to South Africa by an unusual route is starting in a few days' time. Miss Delphine Reynolds, accompanied by Mr. Pudney, will attempt the journey via the West Coast on a Bluebird, wheels being changed for floats in Sierra Leone.

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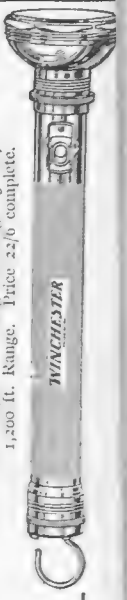

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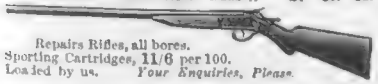
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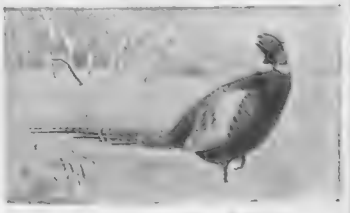

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 414)

you that the book is concerned with a lens which eliminates everything from the human vision except existing life you can imagine the possibilities. The wearer of this lens in his spectacles sees the whole world like Adam and Eve before the Fall. There is one scene in which the starchy old lady puts on the spectacles by mistake—I commend that scene and the book to your laughter.

IN the present year of grace—if it is grace with the increasing dole and the burden of taxation—you don't look for a sort of revival of Captain Marryat. But you can get an echo of the Marryat thrill of your schooldays from *Rolling Home*, by Captain Witham Morris Barnes (Cassell: 12*s.* 6*d.*). Captain Barnes is eighty, and writes in a sailorly vernacular of the days when "ships were ships and not tin pots"—that is, the days of the sailing ship.

It is enthrallingly tempestuous and adventurous—that is, reading the book in a comfortable chair by what our great-grandmothers used to call a "sea-coal fire." Personally, belonging to the Mauretania and Majestic age, I would rather try to get into a rabbit-hole than venture on any one of Captain Barnes's voyages, furling sails with two frost-bitten hands; one foot on a doubtful piece of rope between yourself and eternity, and a howling gale besides

Yet voyages and hardships such as his opened the world to our maritime traffic of to-day! Yachtsmen who sail their own vessels will delight in Captain Barnes. They are chips of his block because they love mainsails, jibs and spinnakers, and turn up their noses at steam and oil.

THE GENUINE ARTICLE (continued from page 407)

I slept badly; I felt bitter against myself over Carruthers. The teniente woke me early. Stars were paling in a greenish sky.

"We must bury him before sunrise," he said apologetically, "on account of the flies."

I got up.

The grave was short as well as shallow. Poor Carruthers! They fired a ragged volley over him. Respect for the dead, I wondered, or defiance of the living?

A diffident gold light burnished the tallest peaks; the stars were altogether out.

"He was a valiant man, your brother-in-law," said the teniente, as we walked back to the sheds for coffee.

"Very valiant."

"I have some things for you that were found in his pockets. His money, of course, was gone. There is nothing of value." He fumbled in the pouch at his belt and handed me a small packet.

I thanked him.

An empty pocket-book, with the lining torn out. A snapshot of Carruthers, very upright on a horse. Some keys and a handkerchief. His pipe. A small comb. Two bills—one from London, one from an hotel in Cristobal. And, last, a playing-card. . . .

"But I thought you would be glad to have these trifles," the sympathetic teniente was saying; "they will be something to remember him by."

I laughed. I hope he did not think I was laughing at him. The card was the Ace of Spades.

P. F.

MR. FREDERICK NIVEN has brought a new angle into the eternal triangle which so many of our novelists are now deliberately copying from the French—the husband, the wife, and the other woman—in *The Paisley Shawl* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.*).

Peter Cunningham, the hero, a young writer who has gained some success with articles, has just written his first novel; also a success. Into his happy and closely understanding life with his wife an exotic writer-woman suddenly appears to question him for a series of interviews she is doing with "contemporary authors."

Without dotting one "i" or crossing one "t," Mr. Niven makes the object of the lady interviewer quite clear. Then you wonder what is going to happen.

Well, what you expect in these days of triangles doesn't happen, and, without Cunningham being either a Joseph or a prig, his loyalty to his wife is unshaken. Quite unusual, I know, according to the novelists. But Mr. Niven knows the beauty of life and the beauty of Nature. He has put both beauties, clear and clean, into the book, and, above all, the loyalty of real love that is outside the temptings of sirens.

Such things do happen, but they are beyond the cognisance of the ordinary sex-novelist.

THOSE who believe in second sight will find an absorbing story in *Evelyn: Something more than a Story*, by James Francis Dwyer (Sampson Low: 7*s.* 6*d.*). The mystery of how the heroine has visions which bring happiness to two war-distraught women is not explained, but this adds to the seriousness of the book, which is most unusual, and will, I think, attract considerable attention.

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H.P

DOGS

FEAR THAT FAT — By Lady Kitty Ritson

ONE of the most elusive things in dog-keeping is what is known, for want of a better name, as "condition." When you go to a dog show you see most of the exhibits looking glossy and beautiful, and no doubt, technically speaking, they are in good condition; but unless they are animals like greyhounds and whippets, who are largely judged by their muscular development, I fear that many of them err on the "soft" side. It can't be helped, because the average "all-round" judge hasn't time to feel every dog carefully and to watch him parade round and round a ring to see whether he tires, but I expect that many of these pampered darlings would succumb after a long day's work.

AMONGST amateur dog owners more dogs suffer from excess fat than from want of flesh, and in the long run it leads to a variety of diseases. You would imagine that it was easy enough to take the flesh off a dog, but, as a matter of fact, if you allow it to continue too long in an obese condition you will be amazed to find what a long period elapses before you can reduce those unwanted pounds. And yet, strictly speaking, it is merely common sense that is needed. Unless due to illness, excessive fat exists because more fat-forming constituents are taken into the system than can be dealt with.

IF you have a dog which, through force of circumstances, can't get a lot of exercise, you must feed him accordingly, but don't imagine that by this I am asking you to starve him. No! but choose his food carefully. If you have a fat dog and you wish to reduce him, begin by giving him a pinch of Epsom salts every day, but start the process by giving him a real aperient dose. After that the Epsom salts should be merely used in small quantities, and not as a purgative. Put him on to nothing but raw meat, with no biscuit and no dainties. Feed once a day, and see that he is made to exercise himself briskly. "It must follow, as the night the day," that he will soon lose his flabbiness and turn into a healthy, hard dog.

Sir John Drughorn, Bart., owner of the Hotel Splendide in Piccadilly, recuperating at Torquay after his severe illness. With him is Mrs. Sybil Whitehead, the owner of the famous Pekingese Kennels at Ifield Hall, Sussex

ONE of the most difficult problems is the matter of the pregnant bitch. You must feed her well and suitably for the sake of the pups; then, when she has weaned them, she looks so poor, as a rule, that one feels she must be "fed up." Therein lies the danger. The majority of people continue the "feeding-up" process too long, and she gets very fat and heavy; and it is most difficult to get a bitch that has had puppies back to her normal condition if she is of the fat type.

I THINK the best plan is to feed her well for about three weeks after the final weaning; give her an egg occasionally and strengthening food, but at the end of the three weeks let her return to an ordinary normal diet and make her take exercise. A bitch that picks up rapidly after puppies and gets fat is doing what nature wishes, and she is an excellent brood bitch, for she is not upset by performing her natural functions; but if she were wild she would have to hunt for food, and would have no chance to put on weight. You are not likely to over-exercise her once she has got back her strength, and if you let her remain fat, good-bye to any chance of breeding from her again.

Do not forget that there is free Veterinary advice at your disposal by a fully qualified Veterinary Surgeon for your dog if, when required, you will communicate with me.

There is no doubt about the excellence of Teofani Cigarettes. They are for those to whom quality is a first consideration and are submitted to your judgment with confidence.

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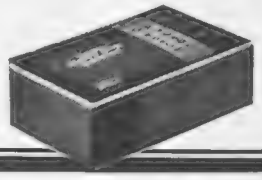

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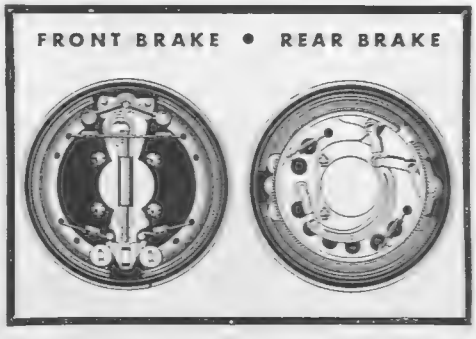

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MAX BAKER ON

DON'T STINT THE EGG ORDER

IN managing a shoot of any description the prime element of policy must be to stock it with game. There are all sorts of other things to do, but the whole structure depends on the one essential of having plenty to shoot. Without its due head of game the snuggest of coverts is wasted, also one loses a valuable by-product of the farm lands and whatever there may be in the way of park.

STUDENTS of nature detect a wonderful scheme arranged by beneficent providence, but many are blind to the revised law now in force. Since mankind started reorganising nature to suit his own ends, the vegetable world has been divided into serviceable growths and weeds, the animal kingdom into desirables and undesirables. When the two are left to fight it out by themselves there are samples of each but no predominant utility crop. Agricultural land is getting into that state; instead of tillage is a mixture of prairie and scrub jungle, a clear case of policy and politics both gone mad.

MEANWHILE the sportsman must take things as he finds them, adapting his methods to conditions far from easy but by no means hopeless. True, he would prefer all the existing ploughable land to be properly cultivated and so become congenial to partridges. But, lacking perfection, he can pay redoubled attention to pheasants, which are less dependent on high farming. They require but a dozen acres of grassland from now on till July, can be bred, nursed and reared by a man and a boy, the coops protect them from inclement weather, whilst such troubles as are inherent to the conditions can speedily be dealt with. At the finish sturdy young birds are available at a very small price per head, a fraction of their sporting value as game.

TAKEN to covert in due quantity they ensure the wherewithal for a series of sporting occasions of a quality nowhere else obtainable in the wide world, a means of health and pleasant entertainment, and producing valuable food supplies from otherwise barren ground. The gamekeeper and his staff patrol the land and wage war against winged and furred marauders, to the advantage of every grower of crops and live stock. In the winter congenial work under enticing beanfeast conditions is provided for the seasonal unemployed.

Sport and General

A winter scene at one of the ponds on a big pheasant farm at Great Missenden, Bucks

EVERYBODY who has had anything to do with shooting knows that natural supplies of game, even on good land, are hardly worth the trouble incidental to arranging a day. With a bounteous head of reared game the various natural assets of a shoot acquire full value. Game sufficient for well-ordered sport justifies and assures the proper maintenance of rides, flushing places and stands—everything follows when the one critical need has been met. Since most shooting is nowadays run on commercial lines the rule of all good management must be applied, viz., that to make money you must spend money. Capital, in the form of coverts and fields, becomes productive; other amenities gain value in sympathy. An estate without a game book is no better than an hotel without bathrooms.

ALTHOUGH the majesty of the law proclaims game feræ naturæ, it is no more a natural product of the land in the quantities required by sport than wheat or potatoes. It has to be planted like any other crop, its enemies must be decimated and due provision made for gathering the harvest. This last is vital, because the post-War shooter is only content with the best of birds, free in rising and strong on wing. Those hatched from the eggs supplied by a first-class farm reach maturity early, and are free from the skulking habits of their so-called wild brethren. The right sort has plenty of wildness of the desirable kind. For the rest, proper attention to coverts, with adjustment of forestry methods to suit game, will go far to make the Norfolk pheasant fly like his brother in Wales. Truly a tall order, but the goods can be delivered.

EXCLUSIVE concentration on pheasants is a mistake where suitable pieces of water are available for ducks. Now that the genuine wild strain has been recaptured and methods perfected for getting them on wing, a large hatch of ducklings should be arranged. They are immensely popular amongst shooting men, and can be reared in quantity in the tiniest garden. Which is intended to convey that their care may be entrusted to the keeper's wife, or any other dame equally versed in the care of poultry. The important proviso is to get the right eggs.

AT a time when everybody is telling his neighbour how bad things really are, it may seem unseasonable to be recommending expenditure, even though some with long faces are daily scanning new issue lists to find a home for corpulent deposit accounts. In the worst of depressions the upkeep of assets is important. And good shooting is an asset of high value when associated with landed property. Well managed, it earns revenue; as a pleasure expenditure, it possesses the merit that every penny spent remains in the country and benefits someone. World sulks is surely a short-lived disorder, and sport its best palliative.

Sport and General

Another scene on an important pheasant farm, showing some of the breeding pens where nearly ten thousand pheasants are penned for egg production

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive Bystander *photograph* *By Lenare*

FASHIONABLE ENSEMBLES

The straight silhouette has become a definitely smart line for suits for day-time wear. Witnesses to this fact are these models from Peter Robinson's salons in Oxford Street. The jumper of the Russian persuasion of the one on the left is of wool crêpe, the coat and skirt being of tweed. The other model is entirely carried out in tweed and consists of short cardigan and long coat

CRETONNE BEACH SUITS and EMBROIDERED GLOVES

It is printed cretonne that makes this beach and garden suit, with hat to match. It comes from Robinson and Cleaver, Oxford Street, where it is companioned with a variety of others expressed in linen and tussore

News About Evening Frocks

NO hard and fast rules have been issued by Fashion regarding evening dresses except that for general wear they are instep length; for formal occasions trains are more often than not introduced. There is the apparently simple model of satin, georgette, or a kindred fabric innocent of all "fussy" frills, the hips are cleverly moulded, inconspicuous fullness in the form of inverted pleats and godets being introduced below the neat hip gore. These are never permitted to flare, their mission in life being to give the much-to-be-desired silhouette to the figure. The corsages are more often than not innocent of backs; there may be a brace effect to hold the sides in position, and the shoulder straps are never more than half an inch wide.

The Picture Frock

THE picture frock has again scored a success with debutantes; the skirts are covered with frills; flounces are used for decorative purposes; there are puff sleeves, and the schemes are completed with an amusing cape or coatee of velvet. Another type of evening dress is carried out in printed georgette or one of its relations. In them soft frills are here, there, and everywhere; the short coats to match are outlined with them. They have a thoroughly feminine aspect, but it is doubtful whether they will meet with the same success as the plainer frock.

The Vogue for Matching Shoes and Gloves

THERE is a decided vogue at the moment for matching shoes and gloves. Should the dress be of pale blue pastel-tinted satin then these accessories will be of a light turquoise, the pochette matching the dress, the decoration of the same harmonising with the other accessories. Some of the ultra-smart gloves are embroidered with crystals. Although many of the model dresses are seen in gay colours, they are sure to be copied in black as well as in white, as by this means they remain undated. No one is able to forget a lobster-pink or lagoon-blue frock.

From Paris to Piccadilly

MANY pleasant surprises are being prepared for Swan and Edgar's (Piccadilly, W.) Parade of Fashion. It takes place on March 17 and 18 at 3.15; all wishing to obtain a really good seat must write for an invitation card. "From Paris to Piccadilly" is the title given to this parade. By the way, ere leaving this establishment everyone must make a point of seeing the Japanese floral pyjamas; in a pretty envelope they are 5*s*. They consist of wide trousers, sleeveless jumper and three-quarter coat. This firm is responsible for the ensemble pictured on this page, which is carried out in all-wool georgette, touches of lace appear on the sleeves of the dress to match the vest. As will be seen, tucks are employed for decorative purposes, and although the coat is collared with fur the cost is merely 8½ guineas. Again, there are printed flamingo sleeveless dresses with pretty vests and short coats for 5½ guineas, while those of printed crêpe de Chine are 6 guineas; in this instance the dresses have sleeves and the coats are innocent of them.

Beach and Garden Suits

ALL who wish to see for themselves how charming beach and garden suits can be carried out in cotton must visit the salons of Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street, W. They are responsible for the cretonne suit portrayed on this page; it consists of jumper, trousers, coat and hat, and is available for a guinea in various colours. There are models for children, too, the trouser portions being of printed linen, the tuck-in blouses, reinforced with ties, being plain; for children from eight to ten years of age they are 15*s*. 11*d*. Again, there are the more expensive model pyjama suits in linen. All the trousers are of mammoth proportions; indeed, they suggest that each leg has a petticoat to itself. Standing out with prominence was one of primrose-yellow linen; there was a shaped hip yoke and sleeveless coat ornamented with embroidery and strapping. There are other models of tussore, which alone are well worth a visit to view.

This new ensemble from Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, is made of wool georgette, the vest is of lace, and there are touches of the same on the sleeves. Tiny tucks add to its charm, the scheme being completed with a fur collar

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN

THE TWENTY RANELAGH LIMOUSINE

You may pay more but will you get more?

There is a limit to what money can buy, even among cars. There is a limit to speed—safety speed. For how often do roads permit of more than 65-70 miles per hour? There is a limit to comfort and riding ease. For a car can but offer luxury of seating, supple suspension and the finest of upholstery.

After this, what can money buy but excessive speed, impossible to use with safety? Or ultra-imposing fittings which add nothing to a car's inherent worth? Realising these truths, men and women are refusing to pay more than £500-£600 for a car embodying their ideals of what a car should be, and do.

Nor need they. For at this remarkable price the Austin Twenty with its new lines and added beauty is as perfect a means of transport as anyone, however well-to-do, need desire. In its impressive appearance, its comfort, its luxury of appointment and finish, it is the equal of cars costing more - a great deal more. In its outstanding dependability, its ability to give not one year's but many years' service—unrivalled. See this car, drive it . . . and you will want it for your own.

The Twenty Ranelagh Limousine

£575

(AT WORKS)

Upholstered in Vaumol luxour grain hide or fine carriage cloth. Folding auxiliary seats. Centre folding and side armrests. Equipment includes Triplex glass, chromium plating and Dunlop tyres. Marlborough Landaulet £525. Mayfair or Whitehall Saloon £530. Sunshine Roof £10 extra.

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Warwick Wright Says

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SALOON
£365
COMPLETE

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The Armstrong Siddeley Pre-selective Self-changing Gear calls for no more imagination, ability or experience than is needed to move a small trigger mounted on the steering wheel.

A perfectly silent change is made to or from any gear, at any speed.

If you would rid yourself for ever of the bugbear of gear changing, and know what real pleasure motoring is, then you must try this

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY "15"

In which you will find more roomy accommodation and luxury than can be found in any other car of its type.

Users report mileages around the 100,000 mark without the slightest trouble.

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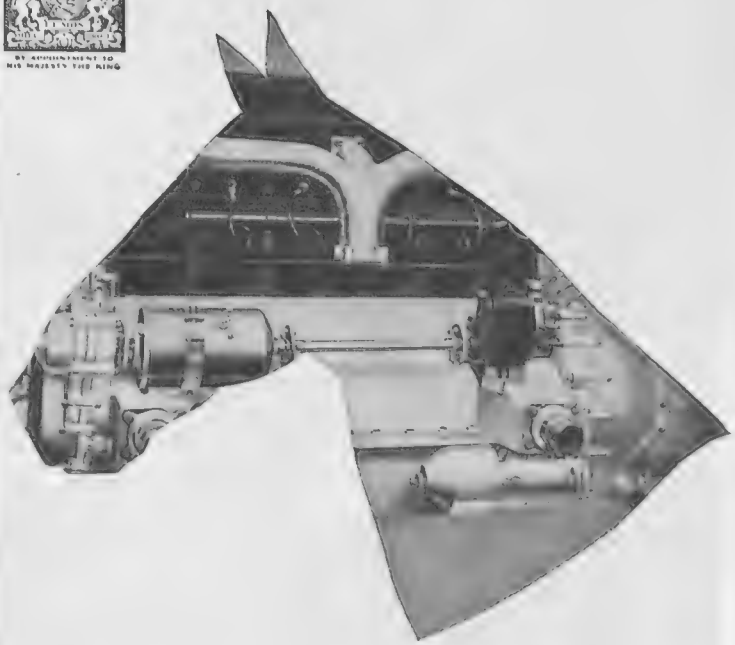
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING



Thoroughbred . . .

"Thoroughbred" is perhaps the highest word of praise a Briton can bestow, for no one appreciates its meaning more vividly. So it is used but rarely—of bloodstock, a tall ship, a hero or a family.

To merit such recognition, our product has never refused a challenge or trial by ordeal. Proudly has Castrol proved its worth—that Britons may deem it "thoroughbred."

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MOTOR NOTES

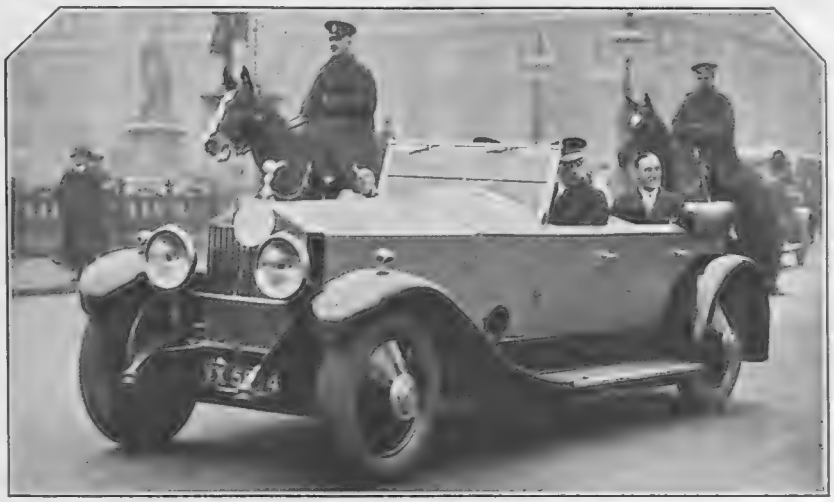
BE EARLY ON THE OPEN ROAD

By E. M. Wright

THE open road is calling. Idle cars in locked garages are a reproach. A man may save a little in tax by laying up his car a month more, but he will lose some of the best runs of the year. If he is going to buy a car let him buy now. It will cost as much a week, a fortnight, or a month hence. He will not save a penny and he will lose a month's enjoyment. The early bird gets the worm. The early motorist enjoys the real thrill of Spring motoring. Whether a man has owned a car since motoring began, or whether he is only now on the brink of buying his first bus, every day he delays is a day lost. Spring is coming—is here. Glorious sunny days may burst upon us. Of what avail then will be a petty saving in tax? How will a man excuse his failure to buy the car he has dreamed of since winter began?

* * *

EVEN though their cars are not officially laid up till the commencement of the new quarter, thousands postpone their first run till Spring has almost merged into summer. Where they hoped to be pioneers with glorious stretches of open road before them, they find those queues of cars which rob a run of its thrill. It is only in the earliest days in Spring when the change in the season has touched the countryside with the first feathery haze of green that one can be sure of that solitude which is the real joy of motoring, and avoid that road congestion which mars our pleasure.



Captain Sir Malcolm Campbell motoring in a Rolls-Royce to Westminster Hall to receive a Civic welcome on his return from his triumphant success at Daytona

Home again after a solo flight of 19,000 miles. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce was met at Croydon by a Hillman car decorated with the flags of some of the countries over which she flew

The handsome Sunbeam just purchased by Miss Nellie Wallace, the well-known comedienne. The car has been fitted with a special type of body supplied by Pass & Joyce, Ltd.

NOT only on æsthetic grounds would I urge new motorists to get on the road as early as they can. Buying now, they avoid that hasty last-minute scramble which invariably precedes the Easter holidays. Works are not yet overloaded with orders. Salesmen have time to demonstrate and explain with the thoroughness which the purchase of a car—particularly one's first car—demands. In three weeks' time every licensing authority throughout the country will be snowed under with renewals of quarterly licences. From now onwards, particularly in view of the change in the law, insurance companies will be working at high pressure to cope with a heavy influx of demands for cover. It will pay to be early. New cars must be "run in." Possibly one or two adjustments will have to be made. The wise motorist will have nursed his new car through its teething troubles long before he sets out on his Easter holidays. New motorists must learn by practical experience how to drive. The wise novice will have made his mistakes on half-deserted roads, which are common enough in early Spring, but which will be hard indeed to find a few weeks hence.

* * *

NEVER were cars cheaper or better than they are to-day. From as little as £100 upwards one may buy a car with more complete standard equipment than that provided on the most expensive models of a few years ago. Never was the motorist better catered for than he is to-day. Service stations or agencies are to be found in every corner of the country. Makers' guarantees are generous. Thanks to the efforts of the A.A. and the R.A.C. the motorist of to-day enjoys the use of subsidiary services, which, as far as is humanly possible, assure trouble-free motoring, not only in this country, but throughout Europe. The car of 1931 calls for the very minimum of attention. A modicum of instruction in the art of changing gear, a little practice in the art of judging distances and judging speeds comprise, almost literally, all the training a novice nowadays requires before he may lay claim to the proud title of "owner-driver."

* * *

A FULLY equipped baby car sells for very little more than a sidecar

motor cycle outfit. Indeed, one could spend more on the latter than on a four-wheeled two-seater with full protection from the weather and all the comfort which a four-wheeler connotes. Price reduction prevails throughout the range from baby cars to luxury saloons. Cuts are in proportion and sometimes amount to £50 or more. The six-cylinder is no longer within the means only of those who are comparatively well

A fine example of the latest 22-28 h.p. Minerva limousine, an 8-cylinder luxury car which sells at £895

Present-day huntsmen motor to the meet. In the old-world village of Swanmore, Hampshire, is to be seen a modern Ford, in which one enthusiast drove to a recent meet of the Hambledon Hounds

off. Not one, but several models are available at round about £200, while a buyer has an immensely wide choice of Sixes at prices ranging from £200 to £300 or £400. The Light Six is ubiquitous, but side by side with the Light Six are new Fours, which, the makers claim, equal the comfort and the smooth-running of a Six, and at the same time pay less tax and less insurance. Indeed, phenomenal as is the cheapness and reliability of the baby car, the wonderful progress achieved, both as regards price and comfort, among cars of from 10 to 15 h.p., is perhaps even more striking.

***

VERY few of the so-called "new models" which glisten in a hundred showrooms, are new. Current practice is not so much towards novelty as towards improvement and simplification along well-tried lines. The aim throughout has been to eliminate unnecessary expense without impairing the quality of the workmanship or of the materials, and at the same time to eliminate unnecessary maintenance. Such features as chromium plate or stainless steel are as much a matter of course as to be scarcely worth mentioning. There is hardly a car of note which nowadays does not include safety glass (in the windscreen at least) as part of its standard equipment. Save among the very cheapest models, cars are nearly always operated by some form of servo mechanism. On the cheapest, as on the most expensive, cars the number of grease points has been greatly reduced—by the use of frictionless bearings, by the grouping of grease nipples, or by the introduction of central lubrication.

The latest model of the 10-30 h.p. Fiat is better looking, roomier and more comfortable than its predecessor. It offers a high degree of luxury at a remarkably low cost

Mobile policemen ride the same make of motor cycle as that used by thousands of despatch riders in the War. In peace, as during the War, despatch riders are mounted on Trusty Triumphs

***

THE most cursory inspection of the new models at Olympia—or later in the West End showrooms—was sufficient to reveal the improvement that has been made in the appearance of 1931 cars, not only on one make, but throughout the whole range. Cars have better lines. They *look* lower, but the tendency to sacrifice headroom for the sake of appearance has happily been checked. The use of untarnishable metal in the waist-line beading, or on the radiator, adds to the appearance without adding to the work of upkeep. Cellulose finish enables one to keep a car smarter than in the days when fabric was the rage—again without trouble.

***

CARS are more comfortable, both for drivers and passengers. Finger-tip control is almost universal. Deeper wells give better leg-room in the rear compartment of baby saloons, and both small and large cars are now roomier than they were. Despite lower prices, upholstery looks better and is more comfortable. Most cars, even among the cheapest models, are well equipped with little "personal" fittings, such as cubby-holes, parcel nets and so forth; on the more expensive cars are to be found super refinements like dictaphones and umbrella holders, all of which make for greater convenience and comfort.

(*Continued on page* vi)

THE Singer SUPER "6"

YOUR dream coach at a price you can afford. No thousand-pound car carries such luxurious equipment, which includes one-shot lubrication, Dewandre vacuum servo brakes, Marles steering, four-speed gearbox, rear safety tank, and coachwork with the most dashing lines and finish.

It is a fast car, too, over 70 m.p.h., yet the frailest woman can handle it with ease. This is the 16 h.p. six-cylinder car over which the technical critics went into ecstasies. Drive one from your local dealers, or send for lavishly illustrated coloured catalogue. **£340**

Other Models from £130

SINGER & CO. LTD., COVENTRY, London Showrooms: STRATTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

The Sunbeam owner knows the full fascination of motoring. Whether among the traffic of the town or on the open road, he is assured of the same smooth, silent running, the same feeling of power, the same thrill of driving a genuinely high-grade car, designed and built with all the skill that thirty years' experience of motor car manufacture has accumulated.

And the Sunbeam owner knows that his passengers are travelling in absolute comfort. There is nothing better than Sunbeam coachwork. Adjustable seats, richly upholstered and deeply sprung; arm rests; wide doors; well proportioned window lights. Sunbeam designers have embodied every detail that can make for supreme comfort combined with refinement of appearance.

There are three six-cylinder models, 16 h.p., 20 h.p. and 25 h.p., with the latest designs in coachwork, at prices from £550 to £1250. Take an early opportunity to try one of the new Sunbeams on the road. Dunlop tyres standard.

SUNBEAM CARS

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO. LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON. London Showrooms: 12 PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQ., W.1

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page iv)

The attractive Vauxhall Cadet Saloon. The price, with sliding roof and glass all round, is £298, the standard saloon being £280

IN THE NEWS

The New Vauxhall Cadet

The Editor wishes me to mention that recently he was able to test one of the new Vauxhall Cadet six-cylinder 17 h.p. cars for a week-end. He gave it a thorough try-out as far as Wales and back, over good roads and bad roads, and in all sorts of weather. He reports that the Cadet runs with the smoothness and elegancy of a car costing double the price at as high a speed as anyone wants, as he covered stretches with the speedometer registering over 65 m.p.h. The bodywork of the car is very high class and, as Sir Malcolm Campbell truly says, there is nothing cheap about it except the price, which is £280. For town or country use the Cadet is equally invaluable. Its acceleration is a great feature, for it can be throttled down to a crawl on top speed in heavy traffic.

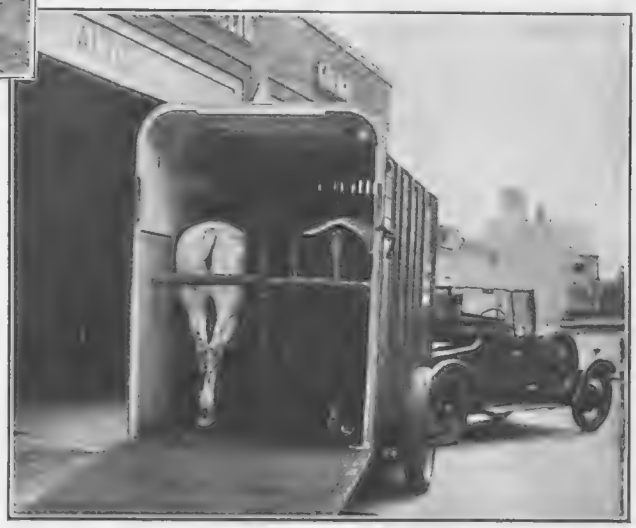
Ethyl's Popularity

In America, as in this country, Ethyl motor spirit has completely vindicated itself, despite the many bitter attacks levelled against it. This spirit now enjoys an enormous sale. Consumption amounts to two thousand million gallons a year; eight million motorists run their cars on it, and of America's ninety-eight oil-refining companies, ninety-six market it. On his record-breaking run at Daytona Captain Sir Malcolm Campbell used specially prepared Ethyl taken from England.

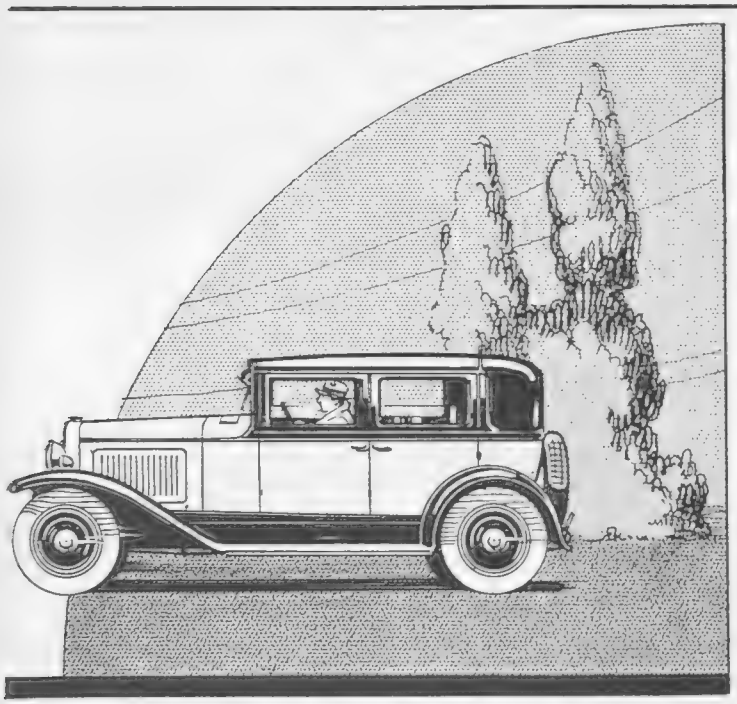
Outboard Engines

It is thanks to the introduction of the cheap, powerful outboard engine unit that marine motoring has become so popular during the last few years. The variety of craft to which this type of motor may be fitted explains, of course, its wide appeal to motor-boating enthusiasts. This country, particularly, has fallen in love with the outboard motor, and the distributors of one of the most popular makes, the Elto, announce that for the third year in succession they have sold more units of this make in the British Isles than any other Elto distributor in any other part of the world.

E. M. W.



A 12/50 h.p. Alvis two-seater frequently used by Mr. J. L. Francis, of Colwyn Bay, to tow a horse-box, as shown. The trailer with two horses on board weighs 2¼ tons, yet the outfit tours along at 25/30 m.p.h.



. . . pleasurable driving at a popular price in the Willys WHIPPET . . .

MOTORING is reduced to its simplest, most pleasurable terms with a Willys Whippet. Unusual activity in top gear; the famous finger-tip control, powerful internal-expanding 4-wheel brakes ensure superior road performance. The saloon de luxe has a sliding-roof. Which model would you like to try?

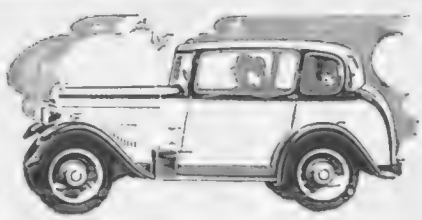
Willys WHIPPET

15/40 h.p. 4 Door Five Seater Saloon £188

De Luxe £198

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY, LTD.
Heaton Chapel, Stockport; and 151/3 Great Portland Street, W.1.

JUST as Triumph roominess and comfort appeal to the family man, so Triumph's power, acceleration and utter safety—both in summer crowds and in the treachery of a British winter—profoundly impress the most exacting motorists.



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Dunlop tyres and Lucas electrical equipment standard.

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The finest small car in the world.

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1 (1st Floor).

WHISKY IN PERFECTION

GLOAG'S "GROUSE" BRAND IN CASKS

Matthew Gloag & Son make a speciality of SMALL CASKS, which can be filled up from time to time the old always mellowing the newer supply

FIVE GALLON CASK (=2½ Doz.), complete with tap and carriage paid, for - £18

Refills in returnable jars. Send 25/- for 2 bottles, post paid, and try the very excellent quality of it.

ENQUIRIES INVITED FOR EXPORT.

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9, Bordeaux House, Perth, Scotland.

Established in 1800

BUILT BY ECCLES for only... £105.

A caravan 9 ft. 6 in. in length which provides comfortable sleeping accommodation for three adults and is suitable for use with a 9 h.p. car. This special model is priced as low as £105

A larger model is 12 ft. in length and has two separate sleeping compartments for four adults. Suitable for use with an 11 h.p. car, it is priced at £135

Both these new models are fully furnished . . . offer unequalled value . . . and conform to Eccles high standard of production.

Come then, enjoy care-free holidays every week-end . . . in the fresh air . . . unfettered by convention . . . in a luxurious Eccles Caravan.

Eccles better-known models range from £98 to £500.

Also builders of Caravans on Motor Chassis, Mission Vans, Motor and Trailer Horse Boxes, Luggage Trailers, and Four-wheel Lorry Trailers.

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MOTOR CARAVANS LIMITED.

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Vermouth

The Vermouth from which the "Martini Cocktail" derives its name.

THE WORLD RENOWNED

Brand

From all Wine Merchants

The First Cocktail—
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2/3 Martini Vermouth
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1 Dash Orange Bitter
Squeeze of Lemon peel

MARTINI & ROSSI
TORINO - - ITALY

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.
(HAMBURG BEEF.)

EPERLANS FRITS.

FILETS DE BŒUF NAPOLITAINE.
HARICOTS VERTS. POMMES SAUTÉES.

SOUFFLÉ AU CHOCOLAT.

CREVETTES SUR CROÛTES.

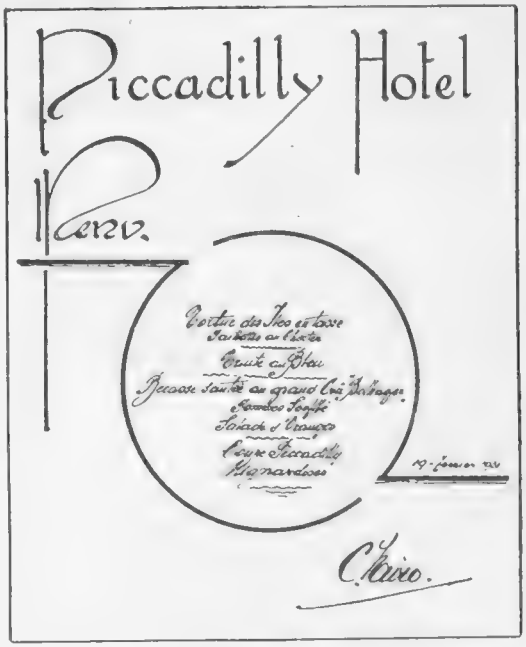
DESERT. CAFÉ.

Hors d'Œuvres Variés (Hamburg Beef)

GRATE some cooked lean beef, pile it on a glass dish, garnish with cress and sliced pickled gherkins.

Eperlans Frits

STEEP the required number of smelts after cleaning in milk and water for about a quarter of an hour. Then take up the smelts, drain them, and dip each fish separately in flour, then plunge them into very hot fat, and fry them till they are a golden colour. Drain them well on a cloth, sprinkle with salt, and dish up on a hot dish garnished with cut lemon and parsley.



The menu of a 10s. 6d. supper served at the Piccadilly Hotel. It has been signed by M. C. Varro, the Restaurant Manager

Filets de Bœuf Napolitainé

TAKE about 2 lb. of lean fillet of beef, and cut it into slices about an inch and a half thick. Let the slices soak in the following mixture for half an hour: a little oil, pepper, salt, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a sprinkle of mixed sweet herbs, and a tiny piece of garlic. Broil them on both sides and serve with the following sauce poured round them.

Sauce Napolitaine.—Melt a piece of butter, add to this one teaspoonful of flour, and stir till it just begins to brown slightly, add in one gill of stock, two cloves, three peppercorns, a sprig of parsley, and seasoning to taste. Boil this sauce for ten minutes, skim well, then add a small glass of port wine, boil for ten minutes more, strain, and pour over the fillets.

Soufflé au Chocolat

GRATE 4 oz. of chocolate and mix it with a gill of milk and a tablespoonful of castor sugar; let it boil until quite smooth. Melt 2 oz. of butter in another pan and stir in 1 oz. of flour; cook a little without browning and stir in the chocolate and milk; mix well, boil while stirring, and then let the mixture cool. Add the yolks of three eggs one by one, and a teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add to the mixture. Pour into a china soufflé dish, previously buttered, and steam for about 45 minutes.

Crevettes sur Croûtes

PUT sufficient picked shrimps into a saucepan with a teaspoonful of white pepper, the juice of an orange, ½ oz. of butter, and a little nutmeg. Make this mixture very hot, pile upon small squares of buttered toast, and serve garnished with fried parsley.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Scottish Art in London

Owing to the exceptional success of the Loan Exhibition of Scottish Art and Antiquities in aid of the Time and Talents Dockhead Club, Bermondsey, and the Scottish charities in London, at 27, Grosvenor Square, and in order to give an opportunity of visiting to those who have not yet been able to do so, it has been decided to extend the date of the Exhibition until Sunday, March 8.

A Genius Who Blended Cigarettes

Habitués of the Café Royal of some forty years ago may remember a rather bold and dignified gentleman with an imperial beard who was one of the leading figures in the fraternity of that famous café in those days. Like many other of its patrons, he was a genius. His name was Mr. P. Teofani, and his particular genius was for cigarette blending. Many of the wonderful blends he created, such as King's Own Virginian and King's Own Turkish cigarettes, are still carried on by Messrs. Teofani and Co., Ltd., and have established themselves firmly among all smokers where quality is the first consideration. With Teofani King's Own cigarettes, as with every other Teofani product, only the best tobaccos are employed in their manufacture, and the excellence of their quality is confidently entrusted to the judgment of the connoisseur. Messrs. Teofani and Co., Ltd., have had the honour of appointment to five Royal houses, and are the holders of a large number of gold medals, Grand Prix, and jury awards, ample testimony to the high regard in which their cigarettes are held. Teofani cigarettes are to be exhibited at the British Trade Exhibition at Buenos Aires, which will shortly be opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and whenever they are smoked in the Old World and the New, their excellence is appreciated.

A Singer car in front of the Fountain Hotel at Loughton, roughly 42 miles from Marble Arch on the London-Coventry road—one of the few really good hotels on this run, which is notoriously ill-served in this respect. A really good meal is obtainable by day and night at a reasonable price

For the Interior Decorator

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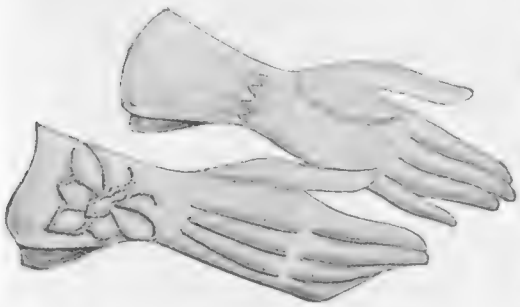

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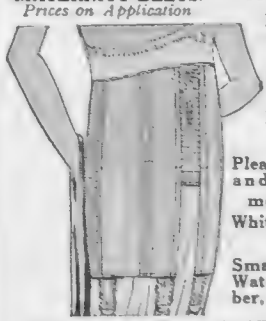

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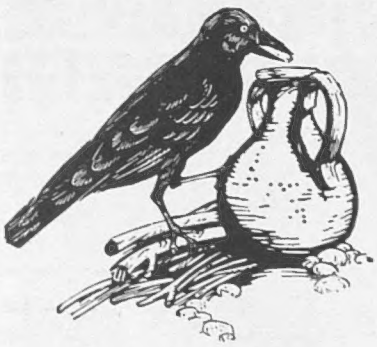

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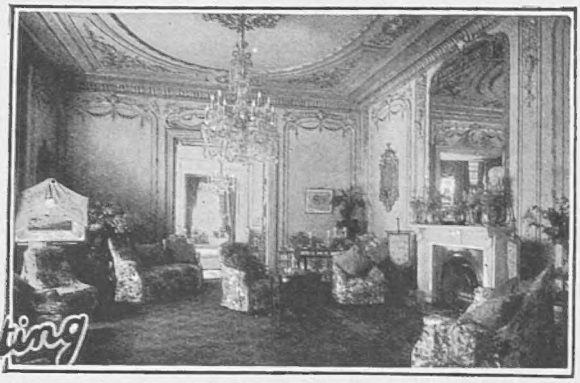

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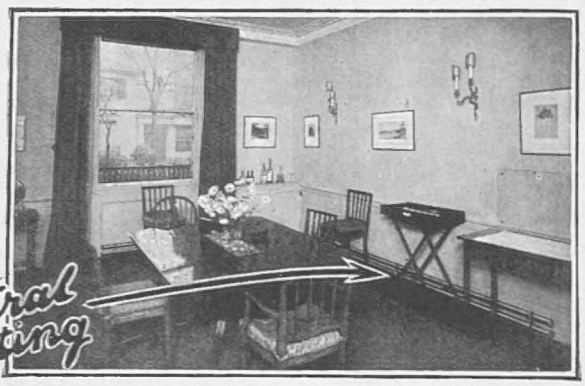

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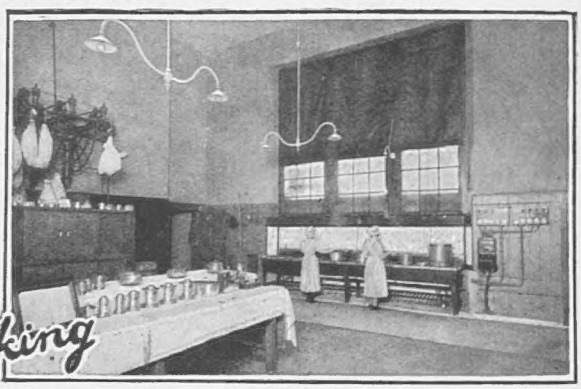

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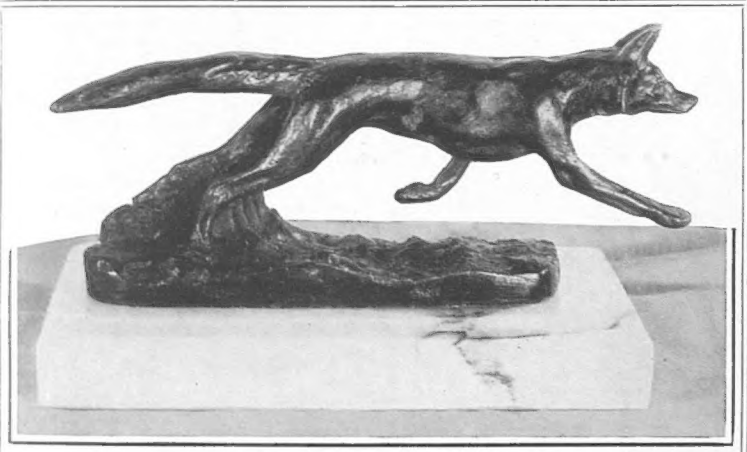

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